

The Nation

Vol. XXXII., No. 16.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1923.

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Events of the Week.

EVENTS in the Ruhr have moved with great rapidity. The vanishing of the German Coal Syndicate, with officers and records, to Hamburg, proved to be only the beginning of Germany's counter-moves. M. Coste, the head of the French "Commission," was thus left to deal with each mine individually. His difficulties began with his first meeting with the German mine-owners on Saturday. He was informed that the German Government had refused responsibility for payment for coal delivered to France and Belgium during the occupation, and that therefore the mine-owners could only undertake to deliver Reparation coal to France, if France guaranteed payment in cash. The French were already in a dilemma. Obviously, if the deliveries were to continue, someone would have to pay, and so, after some little hesitation, the French agreed to pay. Their idea was, and apparently still is, to levy themselves the 40 per cent. tax on the whole coal production of the Ruhr, and they estimate that the collection of this tax will pay for the 20 per cent. of the total Ruhr production which they will take themselves for Reparation. The calculations upon which this estimate is based are optimistic to the point of absurdity. For instance, no allowance has been made for the cost of collecting the tax.

On Monday a still more serious position arose. The mine-owners again met the French Commissioner and informed him that the German Government had forbidden them to make any deliveries of coal or coke to France and Belgium, whether paid for or not, during the invasion. The Commissioner gave each mine-owner a military order calling upon him to make delivery, but all refused to do so. This action was merely the carrying into effect of the German declaration that, owing to the invasion, the Government would suspend all Reparation payments, whether in cash or in kind. The immediate reply of France was to advance still further into the Ruhr. The principal town occupied in the new advance is Bochum, but the real significance of the new move lies in the fact that the zone which France has now penetrated contains the richest coal mines and produces coke. If the French troops had stopped at Essen,

they would have held a zone which consumed almost as much coal as it produced; at Bochum they now control an area to which the rest of Germany looks for its coal supplies.

* * *

THE occupation of Bochum was the occasion of the first bloodshed in what is in effect a new war, a war in which one side is armed to the teeth and the other completely disarmed. First blood was drawn by French troops firing a machine-gun into a crowd which was singing the "offensive" song "Siegreich wollen wir Frankreich schlagen." It is clear that the actual situation in the occupied towns is in the highest degree dangerous, and bloodshed on a far larger scale may at any moment become inevitable. As in all cases of bullying, so in this there is a point at which it becomes ineffective, when the bully has nothing worse with which to threaten his victim. Having invaded the Ruhr, France has now no further threat with which to coerce the German Government. She is being met by a sullen, passive, but effective, resistance of the German Government and the German people. Her only answer is more violence. She can occupy still more towns, establish customs cordons, cut off all coal from Germany, fine and imprison the recalcitrant mine-owners; by these steps she will, of course, rapidly complete the economic ruin of Germany. (This her more shameless journalism openly threatens.) But at every step she will be landing herself in a still more hopeless position.

* * *

IN Germany itself opinion has to some extent vacillated between two policies, one that of passive resistance, and the other that of opening negotiations with the Entente as a whole. The complete collapse of the mark, the enormous rise in prices which must ensue, the savage threat to cut off all supplies of coal from the Ruhr—all these things open up a prospect of a final economic breakdown and anarchy, a prospect of such terror and misery that people's minds turn naturally to any possible means of escape. But for the moment, at least, the French invasion looks, as we said above, as if it had just overstepped the point at which violence is any longer effective, and the Government, the industrialists, and the workers seem to be united in their determination to pursue the policy of passive resistance. Unfortunately, such a condition can, in the nature of things, not last very long. As French measures become more desperate and more violent, they will cause unemployment in Germany, if not starvation. There are elements both on the extreme Right and the extreme Left which are only waiting for such an opportunity. The excesses of Hitler's Bavarian Fascisti are ominous, and rumours of a new *Putsch*, which were insistent a month or so ago, are again becoming frequent.

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THE first fruits of the invasion of the Ruhr by France was a rising in Memel and the seizure of that town by the Lithuanians. The Lithuanian Government denies responsibility, but it is reported that the rising was supported by armed bands which came from Lithuania. After sharp fighting the French garrison was overpowered, and, though French and British warships have been sent to the port, the insurgents remain

in possession. The event draws attention to one of the minor scandals of Allied post-war policy. Having cut Memel out of Germany, the Allies have kept it for four years under the government of a French Commissioner and a French garrison. The object of French policy has been somehow or other to secure the control of this district by Poland. The ultimate destination of the territory has been left to the decision of the Ambassadors' Conference, which has persistently refused to give its decision. If Germany is to be deprived of it, it should go on ethnographic grounds to Lithuania. But a volume could be written describing the manœuvres of the last four years—instigated from Paris and Warsaw—to prevent this happening. The real reason for all these manœuvres is explained by the map, for it is only by ensuring the control of Memel by Poland that the encirclement of Germany can be completed on the east.

THE Lausanne Conference continues to drag out its interminably indeterminate existence. Allied "unity of front" having been maintained, Turkish intransigence has once more become less marked, but some of the delegates undoubtedly now have one eye upon what is happening in the Ruhr, and the future of the Near East will not be uninfluenced by what happens during the next few weeks in Europe. It was thought that Hassan Bey's return with instructions from Angora would throw some light upon the general attitude of the Turks and the final fate of the Conference. Observers at Lausanne were, on the whole, inclined to pessimism. But neither optimists nor pessimists have been confirmed by anything which has happened since Hassan Bey's reappearance, for the Conference has pursued its usual weekly routine of sub-commissions with its usual meaningless result. That nothing is done to bring things to a head by either side at Lausanne has, from one point of view, a sinister aspect, for after certain hints that have appeared more than once in the French Press, one cannot entirely dismiss the possibility of a tacit understanding that the Allied unity of front depends upon Britain not actively opposing the French Ruhr policy. This would, at least, explain the "waiting attitude" which all parties seem to be content with.

As for the actual work of the Conference, the Mosul question, over which there was a complete deadlock, seems to have been dropped. An article by the "Times" correspondent at Baghdad describing the political situation in Mosul throws considerable light upon the rival British and Turkish claims to that territory. It is clear that the population is not so overwhelmingly unanimous in opposition to a return to Turkish sovereignty as has been represented in some British quarters in Lausanne. Having dropped Mosul, the Conference has continued to discuss the amnesty and the Ottoman Debt. On the amnesty question some progress was made. The Turks accepted the Allies' proposals, but the question of the exemption of non-Moslem subjects from military service had to be dropped, for the Turks remained adamant. The arguments over the Ottoman Debt and the position of the Succession States in the Financial Sub-commission have continued interminably, and the result has been, as is nearly always the case at this Conference, a "partial agreement."

MR. HENDERSON's triumphant return for Newcastle is a sufficient answer to the hopes and fears which foretold a decrease in the Labor poll as the sign of a weakening Labor Party. All that is bad diagnosis. The

Labor Party is come not only to stay, but to increase; and though its course will be subject to fluctuations in the economic and political life of the country, its progress is as sure as was that of the Liberal Party in the 'sixties of last century. It is a misfortune that its advance should banish such a thoroughly good and hard-working Parliamentarian as Major Barnes, whose activity and knowledge were a strength to the Independents in the last depressing House of Commons. But Mr. Henderson is indispensable to his party, and to the situation in Parliament. He is perhaps the ablest living master of political organization; and behind this power of his lies a singularly broad and prudent judgment of affairs. As for Toryism, judged by the Newcastle result, it looks like a disappearing factor in the great industrial centres.

THE prospects of a happy issue of the peace negotiations (writes our Dublin correspondent) were clouded over at the end of last week. A renewed and unusually vigorous outburst of atrocities signalized the change of face. Whether this activity was intended to emphasize the intransigence of the Republicans and to stiffen their ranks, or to intimidate the Government into terms more satisfactory to themselves, or to give a menacing significance to the opening of the trial of Ernest O'Malley, the Irregular Assistant Chief of Staff, is of little consequence. Such sabotage is a political *cul-de-sac*. It can ruin the economy of the whole nation, but cannot change the political attitude of the two parties. This week the material damage done was serious, discreditable to the Government and discouraging to the public, but the position of the Irregulars is in no way strengthened. They inflicted, it is true, a most humiliating reverse on the Government in the destruction of Sligo railway station, and caused damage to the extent of £70,000 or £80,000. A comparatively small number of Irregulars were apparently able to contain a comparatively large number of Government troops for three hours and a-half during which time they had leisure to mine, burn, and destroy a great railway station with all its rolling stock.

No satisfactory explanation has been authoritatively given, but the public, not without evidence, has come to its own conclusion. If the Free State troops have to submit to such humiliations, they have their own discipline to thank. Irish public opinion is blind to or wisely patient with many shortcomings inseparable from a new Government laboriously evolving order out of chaos. But it cannot safely ignore this vital question of Army efficiency. It is growing more and more outraged at stories running from mouth to mouth of uncontrolled drunkenness in the Army, waste of stores and military material, leakage of information, and culpable inactivity. Such stories come from north, south, and west, and are a principal cause of the passivity with which the civilian population views the general sabotage. Last week reference was made in these pages to this subject, and to steps which were being taken to find a remedy. The subsequent affair at Sligo appears to confirm the fears we then expressed, and may strengthen the resolve to take radical and rapid measures. The first and obvious reform should be the prohibition of the sale of strong drink to the Army, except in its own canteens.

THE demand for a new inquiry into the cost of living is pressed from different quarters. The figures of the Ministry of Labor have been challenged by the Labor

Party; the Association of British Chambers of Commerce passed a resolution on Wednesday asking for a Committee to investigate the present system, and this resolution had the support of Sir Josiah Stamp. On Wednesday the "Times" published a letter from Professor Bowley, who is, of course, the first authority on statistical methods. Professor Bowley examines some of the criticisms that have been passed on the present system. He thinks that the objections urged by the Labor Party have lost some of their force, because the increases in prices are now not only less in amount, but also more uniform. He concludes that the index number is not far wrong. "It is possible that the index number at 180 is too high, but we cannot place it lower than 170 with any plausibility."

Two questions arise over the use of this figure. In the first place, the figure represents an average, and Professor Bowley suggests that if it were possible special figures should be calculated for London and for the provinces, and for different sets of workers according to their different conditions. The second question relates to the complaint sometimes made by Labor speakers that the use of this figure in estimating wages puts wages on a fodder basis. This criticism, we think, is mistaken. All that is done by a sliding scale that varies with the cost of living is to eliminate one element of strife. The Trade Unions are not weakened but strengthened for the purpose of bargaining for an advance in real wages.

WE condole with the "Morning Post" on the straits to which the scandal of the Conservative, or the Coalitionist, Party fund has reduced it. The "Post" has been a great exorcist of the unclean spirit which was in possession of the party war-chest while the Coalition lasted. It was then all for purifying things, and exposing the traffic in titles. But now the scene is changed. The unclean one has departed, taking, if rumor speaks truly, a goodly portion of the fund, but leaving other parts in the hands of Lord Farquhar (a Georgian "creation"). Lord Farquhar is one of the trustees of the Conservative Party fund (in part recruited, we fear, by the sale of honors), and has developed a conscientious objection to handing it over to the "party" of Mr. Bonar Law. He thinks it owing to the "party" of Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The "party" of Mr. Bonar Law wants it to meet certain overdue election expenses, and seems to us rather unethically anxious to get it. We appreciate this anxiety, but we fail to understand the "Morning Post's" attitude of appeal to Lord Farquhar to resign his trusteeship, or at least to "hand over the blunt." This money *olet*, horribly *olet*. Why, then, not let it go to a party which has had so much of it as to have got used to its smell?

THE case of Signor Mussolini's "plan" for the isolation of Britain is interesting, and at the same time rather mysterious. The statement was categorically made in the Italian Press that Signor Mussolini had made proposals for a coalition of Continental Powers, including eventually Germany, to defend their interests against Britain and America. At the same time there appeared in the Press, including Signor Mussolini's own organ, a violent outburst of bitter attacks upon Britain and British policy. Signor Mussolini has since published a denial that any project for an anti-British "bloc" has ever existed, and has explained that "to restore

peace in Europe would be impossible without the co-operation of Britain." During the years of Mr. George's tortuous reparation policy, the threat of a Continental "bloc" and an agreement between France and Germany, if Britain openly opposed the French reparation demands, was more than once made in the Paris Press. There is a certain family likeness between this old threat and the new plan which, we now know, has been wrongly fathered upon Signor Mussolini.

THE Trade Union Congress deputation to the Prime Minister got nothing from the reopened debate on unemployment save a restatement in general terms of the Government's limited policy. They got, in fact, just as much as the deputation expected. The demand that Parliament should reassemble at an earlier date than February 13th was not pressed very strongly, and Mr. Bonar Law countered it with the suggestion that the execution of the Government plans would be hindered rather than helped if their execution were interrupted during the next two weeks. The Prime Minister offered generous terms to anyone submitting practical schemes of work, but it would have been more helpful if he had said explicitly what they were. No hint of national enterprises was given, and the Prime Minister had nothing to say about housing. The scheme which the northern municipal authorities, led by Manchester, are about to lay before the Government, has an important relationship to the unemployment problem. Given a Government guarantee of £6 per house per year, as suggested, housing would at once be speeded up and many unemployed absorbed.

MEANWHILE, Labor is looking for a new, concerted attack by the employers for the extension of working hours. Wage-reduction tactics are to be followed, the principal industries being taken in succession. Officials of the important federations of employers deny any aggressive policy. But they do not disguise their sympathy with the longer hours propaganda, now in full blast in the mining, textile, and other industries. The building trade employers have tabled definite demands. They ask for the extension of the 44-hour week to 47, and couple with the proposal a drastic claim to reduce the earnings of the skilled operatives by fourpence an hour. This, again, has roused the men to a solid and bitter opposition. Meantime, the master builders are content to pay the rings exorbitant prices for materials, bricks, for instance, still costing three times as much as in 1914. The miners declare that they will resist any return to the legal eight-hour day, and the fact that at some of the South Yorkshire pits record production has been achieved recently on the seven-hour basis, supports Mr. Hodges's insistence that the solution lies in better organization.

THE Anglo-American situation on the Debt looks serious, for Mr. Baldwin seems to have been forced to refer back to his Government for instructions. But most observers who remember that there is such a thing as Congress, and that after all the American Government borrowed the money it lent us from individual Americans, and that these gentlemen expect to be paid, will think that the American Debt Commission made a good and friendly offer, when it proposed interest at 3 per cent. for the first ten years, and 3½ per cent. for the rest of the period, *plus* a ½ per cent. sinking fund. Does anyone suppose that better terms are practicable? Then why should our Government haggle over them?

Politics and Affairs.

THE NEXT GREAT WAR BEGINS.

"And then, I hardly seemed to know what happened, but at a table at the far end some drew their daggers, and a man and woman fell dead upon the floor. Then from other tables others arose and stabbed at one another, and flung one another to the earth; and more and more arose, till from end to end of that great Hall blood flowed and men fell wounded and dying to the ground. And the tables were overturned; and the rare viands and the rich wines and glittering crystals and costly ornaments and rare works of art fell scattered and broken on the ground. And I saw that, in their mad rage, men seized broken fragments from the floor and hurled them at one another, till the glass in every door and window was shattered and the very walls were indented. And I saw women, who with wild, hoarse voices, called on the men to stab and kill yet more; and some passed on to the men fragments to hurl at one another, though they themselves often fell buried beneath the heaps of killed and wounded."—*("Who Knocks at the Door?" by Olive Schreiner, written in London, 1917, and included in "Stories, Dreams, and Allegories.")*

It is a pity that a sense of humor and patriotism are two water-tight compartments in the human soul, for otherwise the world, instead of giving to the Kaisers, Ludendorffs, and Poincarés the places and power with which they ruin whole countries and continents, would simply laugh them off this "great stage of fools." It is, of course, *l'ère-majesté* to laugh at a patriot Premier or a Great Power, but M. Poincaré and France are getting perilously near the point at which they will not be able to conceal the fact that they are extremely ridiculous. A week has passed since the French cock crowed so boldly, and a French army of 40,000 men marched from Paris into the Ruhr. They went there to take "productive pledges" from Germany, the mines and the forests and the coal and the iron and all the wealth of Germany which—so the French Press and M. Poincaré never tired of telling us—the Germans, helped by Sir John Bradbury, refused to hand over to their French creditor. "The Germans," "Le Temps" was saying last month and M. Poincaré only last Saturday, "owe us so many hundred thousand tons of coal, and they will not deliver it; well, we are simply going into the Ruhr to take it." And by Sunday morning M. Poincaré had already agreed to pay to the German "bogey-man," Herr Stinnes, hard cash for any coal which Herr Stinnes might be good enough to dig for him, while poor M. Poincaré was still left to pay the 40,000 men—the pick of the French army, not to speak of forty French engineers now living at Essen's one good hotel—all of whom have been sent to the Ruhr by M. Poincaré to fetch that coal which Herr Stinnes owes him under Article 236 of the Treaty of Versailles.

The militarist nationalist believes that if only you have a large enough army, and if only you use it to make enough people miserable, the world will not observe that you are merely ridiculous. In order to prevent anyone from laughing at him and his 40,000 men and his forty engineers in Essen, M. Poincaré immediately sent another army to occupy Bochum and Dortmund, and has very properly forbidden any German to play the drum. And so, of course, it must go on; as M. Poincaré gets less coal, and less timber, and less cash, and as he spends more and more upon his army of occupation, so he will be compelled, in order to prove that he is not ridiculous, to occupy more German territory, make still larger

numbers of people miserable, and increase the area in which Germans are forbidden by French Generals to play the drum.

Already the fact is that the failure of the French invasion as a weapon for extracting payments from Germany cannot be concealed. Already the French Press is beginning to prepare the public for the inevitable disappointment, and is warning everyone that nothing can be expected in the way of hard cash for at least two or three months. If those who planned and have forced through this invasion really believed in it as an instrument of "making Germany pay," then one might see in its rapid and complete failure some hope of the conversion of France to a reasonable and pacific policy. Unfortunately, there is no reason for believing that the moulders and controllers of French policy have ever had any illusions upon this point; they have never really imagined that by mobilizing a French army and sending it into the Ruhr they would do anything towards balancing the French Budget. Their object is not Reparations, but "security," which for the present rulers of France means the disorganization of German industry and the military subjection of Germany through a permanent French occupation of the Rhine frontier, as the means of a definite assimilation of a new Western Province for France.

It is this fact which makes it essential that our Government should absolutely dissociate itself from the French Government. We wrote last week that the only way in which the British attitude could be clearly defined was through the withdrawal of our troops from Cologne and the withdrawal of our representative from the Reparation Commission. The proposal that we should withdraw from Cologne does not commend itself to very many people who recognize the necessity of actively opposing the French policy. On the surface a strong case can be made out for keeping British troops on the Rhine. The Germans themselves are naturally anxious that we should remain there. So long as we do not withdraw, it makes it difficult for the French completely to carry out their scheme for detaching the Rhineland from Germany, and we maintain a very valuable enclave in that portion of Central Europe which is being subjected to the flood of French militarism.

But the mere statement of these reasons for maintaining a British force in Cologne shows the danger of keeping them there and the desperate condition to which the peace has reduced the Continent. We are watching to-day in the Ruhr the beginning of an attempt to establish a French military hegemony in Europe. The instruments upon which France relies for this attempt are the Treaty of Versailles and the French army. When Mr. Ronald McNeill, the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, can say, as he did last Saturday, that there is no difference of view between the French and British Governments as to the end in view, but only as to the best means of "making Germany fulfil her obligations," he shows the danger of not immediately and actively opposing French policy. The Peace Treaties, with their disarmament of the defeated nations, the occupation of German territory, and the saddling of Germany with "obligations" which even Mr. McNeill must know she cannot possibly fulfil, are the stalking horse for the new militarism in Europe, and until they are openly repudiated by the Government of this country there is no guarantee that it will not continue to be dragged at the heels of French policy. What sort of a

barrier to French ambitions on the Rhine will British troops at Cologne afford, if the Government which controls them and executes British policy contains men-who, like Mr. McNeill, are incapable of learning by experience?

But there is another and a far more terrible question which sooner or later will almost certainly have to be answered by us. Is Britain and are British troops eventually to be used as the barrier to French ambitions? Already the repercussions of the French march on Essen have been felt at Memel and upon the Danube, and the inevitable struggle against the military hegemony of France has already begun. Latent at first and carried on by economic means and a kind of national passive resistance, the struggle will in the end issue in anarchy and war. At the present time there are, in the whole of Western and Central Europe, only two armies, that of France and that of France's ally, Poland. By completely disarming Germany and the other defeated nations, the Peace Treaties have subjected the whole of Europe to France and her army. The invasion of the Ruhr shows how those who control the French armies propose to use their power, while Mr. George destroyed the physical means by which they might have been opposed. To-day there is no force in Europe which can match itself against the force of France, and we are, as the French papers tell us, at the beginning of a "French period." For some years France will work her will upon Germany and the Continent. But all history teaches that force inevitably creates force, and that when military hegemonies are born, they carry with them the seed of their own destruction. Already in the East of Europe there is appearing another army, the Red Army, hostile to France and to Poland. In the misery which M. Poincaré is letting loose upon Central Europe, the Russian Government and its Red Army may become a rallying point for the Central European peoples subjected to French militarism. Can there be any doubt that the stage is being finely set for another world war?

These are no fantastic and far-off hypotheses. They are the bare facts of the international situation, the kind of facts which few statesmen, and no politicians, will ever face. But they must be faced, if we are to determine our own policy for ourselves and not allow ourselves helplessly to drift or to be dragged into the unending circle of European militarism. In other words, are our troops at Cologne the advance guard of the British expeditionary force in the next Great War, and, if so, on which side do we propose that they shall fight?

FROM LORD MILNER TO LORD WEIR.

LORD WEIR's letter to the "Times" of Saturday last is a highly significant document: it is the answer of Big Business to Lord Milner. The meaning is wrapped up in a number of Pecksniffian phrases, which serve rather to illuminate the mind of the writer than to obscure the meaning of his language. "As I see it to-day, Great Britain is in a wonderful position. . . . Her credit stands almost at par; and, above all, there is a unique, undeveloped British Empire available for development. What a list of solid assets; what a field for sane optimism! Given a redressed line of relativity in remuneration, it is possible to look forward to some stabilization of wages according to immediate requirements which would afford a sense of security and stability to the workers. . . . If to these were added the substantial reduction in costs and prices which would result from a temporary reversion in many industries

to pre-war working hours . . . we might look forward to real prosperity." So the old simple logic of the Industrial Revolution persists. We have forced down wages in some industries, but not in all, to a point below the standard of 1914. Not in all, and therefore we have distress and unemployment. All that we have to do is to complete the process; assimilate the conditions in the industries where wages are still higher; obtain a "redressed line of relativity in remuneration," and then industry will step out briskly once more. But "sane optimism" looks still further ahead. If, besides beating down the wage-earners below the standard of 1914, we can bring back the longer working day, then indeed we may expect "real prosperity."

There is something captivating about simplicity, and this elementary analysis has always seemed convincing and final to large numbers of people not consciously influenced by motives of self-interest. To-day, in the atmosphere of panic which has succeeded to the atmosphere of wild hope, it sounds specially plausible, and on all sides one can hear the formulas of Big Business, repeated mechanically as they were repeated during most of the Victorian age. At that time Lord Weir's philosophy was in the ascendant, and low wages and long hours were regarded as the conditions of industrial success. We notice an ominous reference to wages in the "Star"—a paper which did valiant service for the dockers in their historical struggle—which we hope does not mean an endorsement of Lord Weir's devastating plan. But there is an obstacle to the success of this philosophy to-day, for we have powerful Trade Unions and a powerful Labor Party, and, if they are wise, they will meet this attack, not by a defensive but by an offensive strategy. The articles that Lord Milner is contributing to the "Observer" give them excellent guidance. For, Sunday by Sunday, these articles are bringing before a thoughtful audience certain plain truths about some operations of the industrial system and of Big Business of which Lord Weir and his friends have lost sight.

Take this fact alone. Public opinion has been much impressed by the catastrophe that has overtaken the mining industry. It was shown four years ago that this industry has been crippled by the wasteful method in which production and distribution were organized. "The annual loss," Lord Milner says very justly, "involved in our present methods of mining, distributing, and using coal, is simply appalling." It has been estimated by a competent authority at not less than £100,000,000. Anybody who has studied the Reports of the Sankey Commission, with the evidence of Sir Richard Redmayne and other authorities, or the Reports of the Committee set up during the war to investigate the whole question of the supply of electric power, knows that the coal industry is suffering acutely because Big Business has prevented the nation from organizing and developing its resources on intelligent lines. Lord Weir says to the miner: "All that is wrong is that the railwayman and the docker have not been brought down to a lower standard of life, and you and the railwayman and the docker will not work as hard and as long as your employers desire." But public documents, drawn up by men of authority and set out by impartial committees, supply the answer. Low wages have served one purpose in English industry. They have enabled industry to avoid the reform of its methods. In all this system of waste and confusion there is profit for somebody or there is power for somebody, and therefore there are strong interests that seek to press wages down rather than admit any new principles into the conduct of business. It is that immunity for which Lord Weir

and his friends are fighting. It is that immunity which Labor must attack.

What does Lord Weir mean by the "real prosperity" which the country will achieve if it goes back to low wages and long hours? It means the state, or something rather worse than the state, in which the workers lived before the war. What was that state? Lord Milner reminds us of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's resounding warning about the eleven millions of people in these islands who were living on the verge of starvation. That is the splendid prize that a "sane optimism" dangles before the workman. It is for this Utopia that he is to surrender his shorter working day and what is left of the advance in his wages that followed the war. For our part we welcome such plans as Lord Weir's, because they put the alternative in a plain and unmistakable manner. This is the best that he and his friends can give to the nation. Before accepting it, Englishmen who think at all will note the burdens on industry described in the Reports of the Sankey Commission, or the Reports of the Committee on Trusts; they will study the interpretation of unemployment given by Mr. Hobson in his books, and by Lord Milner in his "Observer" articles; and they will ask themselves whether our society is really incapable

of arranging its social life on a better basis than the basis postulated by Big Business. The 200th pamphlet in the remarkable series published by the Fabian Society is a powerful and most interesting examination, by a brilliant writer, of the ideas of reorganization to which men of all parties have been attracted in recent years.* The war and its sequel have increased the impatience with which most thinking Englishmen had come to regard our social system. Its abuses are flagrant now that private combinations have gone so far to destroy the competitive character of our industry, and the lot to which it would condemn the mass of men and women seems more intolerable than ever after the great moral convulsions of the last eight years. The "bad times" of which Big Business complains are largely due, as Lord Milner says, to "human blundering, not to say human dishonesty." If we cannot do better than this, it is all over with our civilization; for the more we invent and devise and create, the more shall we increase the power of the forces that are used to depress the freedom of a society and the self-direction of the mass of men and women. We also are "sane optimists," but only because we are convinced that the nation can find a better solution than that offered by Lord Weir.

THE CASE OF THE WOMAN PRISONER.—II.

By M. P. WILLCOCKS.

THE street-walker of the kind that finds her way to prison is created mainly by the common atmosphere of our sexual and economic values. For if you want to know where there still persist the most ancient conventions, the most outworn prejudices concerning the position of woman, you must go to these people of the prison. Feminism has passed them over and left them completely untouched. These women, if they are married, will go through any humiliation to induce a husband to maintain them; to suggest that they should maintain themselves by work, while there is a husband, even a reluctant one, in existence, is to insult them. For their chief idea is to live, either legally or illegally, on sex. The man earns money by work; the woman gets her money from him. That is the beginning and the end of their simple view of economics. It is probable, in fact, that the majority of these women would regard the street-walker as far more "natural"—that is, far less unsexed—than the woman M.P., the woman barrister, doctor, or even the woman voter. The vote is to them a rich joke: that they should possess it, that is. And when told of the two women who sit in Parliament, they are truly shocked, saying, with uplifted hands, "What *will* they be up to next?" That a woman should make a speech is to them a spectacle of captivating horror: they look on as though they were at a Grand Guignol show. Vivie Warren would be to them a monster, for of pride in doing a job efficiently they have only the foggiest notion.

The religious help given to these women is probably not very well calculated to be of any real assistance. In the first place the "religious ladies," however good they may be, live consciously or unconsciously on the other side of a very high wall that separates them from such crude sinners as these thieves and prostitutes and little lying servant maids. At any rate, it is certainly true that religion is regarded among the women prisoners as something that the "ladies" have to dis-

pense. "Whatever subject she begins with," said one girl of her visitor, "she's sure to end up with religion. Not that I wish to be disrespectful to religion, but —"

From afar off they have a great reverence for prayer, and especially for Holy Communion. These things make the life of the prison seem more vital, even more dramatic. They "enjoy" the services as a process that somehow brings cleansing, and is, at any rate, quite pleasant. Hot baths and Church services are lumped together as something "I do love." Unfortunately, the test, both of cleanliness and of piety, comes outside when a hot bath has to be got only by effort, and religion can only be observed through a long and terrible avenue of incessant, hourly temptation. Religion, like cleanliness, is so easy in prison, and so hard out of it. That is the tragedy. And even in prison religion is regarded as something quite distinct from the mops and brooms of the daily round. Never have I heard it said of a religious visitor, "She's quite one of ourselves." That tribute was reserved for a much more homely, intimate friendliness than that of the deaconesses. In fact, the deaconess, like the chaplain, is supposed to be good by profession, and not by nature.

The routine of the gaol, while it is a calming rest cure for many cases—if it doesn't last too long—is also calculated to sap initiative and to destroy the last poor vestiges of will-power that may be left in these moral patients. As an old and very intelligent woman said of it, "You feel like a part of a machine when you're in prison. And if you stayed long in it you wouldn't be able to move when you got outside, for there'd be nothing any longer to wind you up. Matron said to me to-day, 'Use your own gumption.' But it's little enough of gumption you've got a chance to use here."

That sentence is the whole summing up of the case against the gaol in its present form. The prisoner is wound up every day like a clock. There is no call upon his gumption: will, choice, decision, all that goes to

* "The State in the New Social Order." By Harold J. Laski.

strengthen and train intelligence, is put far from him. Being bound by an imperative external power, he "goes" after a fashion while within the gaol. But when he is at length pushed outside he finds himself less of a man than he was when he went in.

The woman it is who finds it hardest to recover from this process, for by good luck a man may find a job, and, since the man has learnt his manliness—what he has of it—in work, he has a chance to regain the spring of will, the backbone of trust in himself. This self-respect it is not so easy for a woman to recover, for society still tells her, in the only accents she can understand, that the way of life ordained for her is by sex, and, worst, most damning of all, that she is a poor, humble being who must live humbly, even on other people's leavings, if need be. There is a trail of mean humility even about the religion that touches her. Is it not always a man who officiates in the great moments—even in the chapel? Man rules, casts the die for her, both in time and eternity. It is a short step from that cry which I have heard so often from girls, "It doesn't matter what becomes of me," to the paltry crimes of the home and the shop, to the poor vice of the streets.

For what these women have to learn is nothing less than their own potential greatness. The enemy in their case is want of self-respect, of self-reverence, and of all the strength given by those two fine qualities. They have been told often enough that Christ died for them: what they want now to be told is—that they were worth dying for.

Pending the reconstruction of society and the establishment of it on a basis that shall make neither acquisitiveness the sovereign virtue nor sex a negotiable asset, the prison has to set itself to the task of becoming not a penal, but a reformatory, colony. This will mean, for purposes of efficiency and economy, that the local prison must close, its place being taken by a few finely equipped colonies in which, from agriculture upwards, the chief needs of life, including amusements, shall be satisfied by the labor of the inhabitants. These places will aim at giving the maximum amount of opportunity for the exercise of gumption with—at first—the minimum of temptation. Yet, of course, temptation there must be wherever there is choice of action. Only the power to make a choice must be graduated according to the strength of a man's character.

One kind of choice in such a colony is essential: there must be a wide number of alternative occupations, so that each man or woman may be fitted with one he or she is likely to enjoy. For the basic idea of the whole plan should be to teach the joy that comes from serviceable work well done. And for this work there must, after 'prentice days, be a graduated scale of payment, with opportunities of spending the money so earned. Each colony will have to be, in short, a replica of a world, but of a wise world, not a mad one. It will, of course, have at its service not only skilled instructors in arts and crafts, but also skilled psychologists who will bring with them that spirit of hope which is the inspiring power of the new mental science. For if appeals to the conscious mind of these patients of the colony should fail in certain cases, then auto-suggestion and hypnotism will be needed to touch the sub-conscious self. Some sufferers there may be who must remain in the colony for a lifetime, but, as the light broadens, their number will continuously decrease.

All this is Utopian at present and far enough away. But we cannot wait and do nothing. We must needs tinker at the existing system, if only that by so doing

we may gain experience for the actual task of rebuilding.

Among the steps that could be taken at once is to arrange that there should be at the service of the Home Office a few mental experts who would be available as consultants in dangerous and troublesome cases. Available, that is, not merely to settle whether a patient is fit only for committal to an asylum, but for treatment and observation according to the newest methods of suggestion. At first this service might well be voluntary, for the prisons are, in fact, observation wards in psychology, and only a little less valuable than the shell-shock hospitals that during the war did so much to show the complex nature of human consciousness.

In the second place, far more attention should be paid in prisons to the educational side. At present the women wash the clothes, knit socks, darn and make the shirts, and in a prison where the women are very few and the men many this may mean that the women prisoners are overworked. But, worse still, it also implies that they only learn to think of work as the dulllest kind of drudgery. Yet the first reformatory aim ought to be to prove that joy can be derived from the practice of a fine handicraft or of a skilled trade. In this way the Meath or Brabazon system of teaching needlework, that is just being started in one or two women's prisons, has already shown what natural delight many a prisoner will take in a handicraft. The charm of dealing with material, of blending colours, and of seeing work grow before one's eyes, is a first step towards that fitting on of a backbone which is what the average prisoner needs. These work-shy folks can be shown without words that work is pleasant and does actually minister to self-respect. This could be made the foundation for a new set of transforming values if only it were possible to carry it out more fully.

With regard to the question of the street-walker, it has been recently noted by workers among this class that many professional women are now finding it harder to gain a living by the practice of their trade. This fact is possibly due to the knowledge of the danger involved gathered by men during the war. But however that may be, one thing is certain: that the knowledge of what "the bad disease" actually means ought to be available for the women in our prisons. And to that end the Prison Commissioners could make no wiser move than to employ in each women's prison a woman doctor to give at intervals illustrated addresses on the actual ravages of venereal disease. This would strike a certain blow at the trade, and especially would it discourage the younger women who are hesitating on the brink. But, as things are at present, the mere idea—without facts—that attendance at a clinic can "cure," is probably doing more moral harm than good.

But none of these changes—neither better facilities for education, nor training in handicraft, nor curative psychology, nor enlightenment on the results of vice—can be introduced effectively on the short-sentence system. A short sentence merely familiarizes the culprit with prison life, and introduces him into the society of more hardened offenders. Therefore the small lapse that is now dealt with by a month or a fortnight should be punished by fine, by warning, or by probation, not by gaol. For it ought to be the first principle of the law that no man should ever cross the threshold of prison unless those who sent him there did it with the deliberate intention of strengthening his will to good.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

I SUPPOSE an Englishman has no right to say to Germany, "Stand Quiet, but Stand Firm," in face of the Robbery Under Arms in the Ruhr. But the wish is father to the thought in many an English breast. The right is not there, because it was British statesmen who decreed the peace of the armed victor and the issue of that bright thought in a French Europe, and a single Power equipped for the pursuit of war in peace as no Power has been equipped since Europe began. Does Mussolini threaten us with a British Pact? Well, there will be more such threats, encouraged in Paris, and disavowed there with all the forms of politeness. It is better worth noting that our grateful Ally has long been up and doing on that friendly path. The advance on the Ruhr is as much an attack on British industry (however its immediate consequences may seem to be working out) as on German civilization. But there have been other agreeable gestures, which will become open ones just as soon as the French aim of a German vassalage has been achieved. One such project was a close combine between the industries of Westphalia and Lorraine, to the exclusion of our interests. France, our friend, opened this amiable tactic, while Germany, our enemy, disclosed it.

BUT having achieved at Versailles the workmanlike feat of destroying an hereditary friend and exalting an hereditary foe, what is this country to do? Isolation is impossible, and a mere reversion to militarism equally out of the question. It is horrifying to a pacifist even to think of a second desolating tilth of European life and energy. But where is now Britain's power of control? Some hope exists in a change of direction in French politics. Poincaré's fall was thought to be imminent a few weeks ago; should the gamble in Ruhr coal go on as badly as it has begun, the way of deliverance will reappear, for most sojourners in Paris report a fairly strong and personally respectable opposition. Against this stands the famous habit of buying off French Oppositions, an art even more sedulously practised than that of keeping fractious majorities in order. There is also the continued fall of the franc. But the Banque de France contrives as yet to keep this decline within bounds, and so long as France can avoid inflation, and the peasants go on subscribing to the loans, nothing like the downward rush of the mark is to be looked for. Nor is moral help available. Revolutionary France—that is peaceful, Liberal, Republican, Socialist France—was in decline before the war; the Poincaré-Millerand school was even then in the ascendant. To-day, with the Socialists split in two, triumphant Nationalism has the bureaucracy, the Army, nearly the whole Press, the Chamber, and the peasantry. What remains? A few forward-looking politicians out of favor—Loucheur, Briand, Herriot, Painlevé, some financiers, the remains of the unified Socialists, a section of the Radical-Socialist party, and the Communists, on whom the Reaction counts to keep it in power.

TRUE, the imponderables remain. Poincaré has chosen to leave on Germany's face the final marks of the grand injury of the war, obliterating those of the injuries that German hands had wrought. Germany's cause is henceforth the cause of justice, in succession to the cause of the invaded and outraged France of 1914 and 1918. If, therefore, England must, with other Powers, sustain

and suffer from a new invasion of the dominion of Right, she has exchanged her client. Doubtless she is not a flawless advocate. Nevertheless this country is now definitely briefed on the side of peace, moderation, and equitable human dealing, as she was briefed (in France's interest) at the Congress of Vienna. And this case she is going to win.

MR. PERCY ALDEN is so kind as to send me a copy of a letter from Herbert Spencer, written to him during the South African War. It does not seem to have lost its relevance to our highly civilized and Christian condition:—

"Whatever fosters militarism makes for barbarism, and whatever fosters peace makes for civilization. There are two fundamentally opposed principles on which social life may be organized—compulsory co-operation and voluntary co-operation: the one implying coercive institutions and the other free institutions. Just in proportion as militant activity is great does the coercive régime (which army organization exemplifies in full) pervade more and more the whole society. Hence to oppose militancy is to oppose the return towards despotism."

"But my fear is that the retrograde movement has become too strong to be checked by argument or exhortation. It seems the less likely that teaching can do anything considering how little teaching has thus far done. After nearly two thousand years' preaching of the religion of amity, the religion of enmity remains predominant, and Europe is peopled by two hundred million pagans masquerading as Christians, who revile those who wish them to act on the principles they profess."

FREDERIC HARRISON's death brings the Victorian age on its literary (and also its ethical) side to a good end, which he truthfully described twelve years ago as one of "resignation, peace, and hope." Morley and Hardy survive; but both of them made a rather decided incursion into our later times. Harrison, in spite of his wonderful mental energy, remained fixed on the high ground of Victorianism, and never strayed far beyond it. For many years he was the chief survivor of the classical Positivist group, and he came to be the only living representative of the great Victorian reformists. He saw with joy the rise of all nationalities but the German, and mourned by the bier of those that had fallen. Most conspicuously of all he was a Friend of Man—a little in the pulpitering sense, but by no means altogether. Trade unionism owes to him, above all men, its Charter of Rights, no less than the steady protection that this great philanthropic lawyer threw over its earlier, doubtful years. And his finest work in journalism was to explain to the British public in the "Times" MacMahon's plot to destroy the third French Republic, and to instruct them as to the savagery with which the Commune had been put down. His religious sense was purely objective. There was not a touch of the mystic in his character, his literary style, or his thoughts about life. His special brand of Positivism always seemed to me to have the flavor of a kind of dry wine of Protestant Christianity, with what he thought to be its absurd metaphysics and its unreasoning passion for soul-salvation left out. The more Catholicized sort he disliked; its "parlor-Pope," Dr. Congreve, he disliked still more. In the war of Pope and anti-Pope which rent the Comtist Church in England in twain, I could never quite make up my mind whether Newton Hall stood for Rome or for Avignon. Perhaps it would be safer to call it Canterbury.

STILL Newton Hall was a light-centre, and for a generation Harrison's New Year addresses in the little chapel ranked as an event in the serious

world. I heard many of them. Their note was comfort and certitude. Comfort derived from Harrison's cheerful, rubicund face, his well-cut clothes, and the measured vibrations of his strong voice. Certitude breathed in his energetic doctrine of culture and social service. From the walls gleamed (or was it gloomed?) the fine mottoes, "Live openly," "Live for others," and the radiant-obscure busts of saints and sages of the Positivist calendar. Newton Hall was a mixture of altar and pulpit; but a measure of the spirit descended on the congregation, and we always went away edified.

INDEED, Positivism with Frederic Harrison was not so much a creed as an expression of his personality. Religion did not appeal to him as a ferment of the soul, for Harrison's soul was never in a ferment. It came as an invitation to walk straight down a well-gravelled pathway, and in and out of its neat but not gay parterres. Nature had presented him with a fine instrument for doing good, extending rights, eliminating restraints, so far as the fixed canons of Duty, Family, Nationality, Property, and Propriety allowed. He used these powers faithfully in the service of his day and generation. That is to say, he was a Girondin, having the luck to live his life in the age before that in which Jacobinism began to come again. Finally, this good and, indeed, noble man and fine writer lacked humor, such a thing as a humorous Girondin being unknown.

BUT Harrison's content with his age, and his belief in its power of improvement, was not a lazy, unspiritual gesture. It was part of his eupeptic nature, no less than of his carefully mechanized creed. He never explored the problem of poverty, and to all the other problems he applied tests that satisfied him. Melancholy, fatigue, illness, doubt, he never knew. I played tennis with him when he was close on seventy; and he lived twenty more years of unchequered health and spirits. Meantime the age had completely changed, and had developed subtleties and neuroses he despised or abhorred. So much the worse for it. There remained Athens, Rome, Paris, and the Victorians, great and good. In that excellent company he had lived; its Valhalla must last week have rung out a cordial welcome.

MR. ASQUITH is writing a book on the Great War.

I CONGRATULATE the "Daily News." It has not exactly married the Prince of Wales, but it has run into the engagement of the Duke of York, and has had a glorious finish over that happy event, winning it by a head-line or two over the "Mail" and the "Express." All this is to the good; for even if Society does not acquire vital news about itself quite as accurately in the Radical Press as elsewhere, in no other quarter are these refreshing fruits cooked and served with such gusto.

MR. ZANGWILL writes me:—

"I am quite in accord with you on the Ilford case that the woman's guilt was not proven. You might have cited 'The Brothers Karamazov,' in which the culminating proof that Dmitri murdered his father is the letter that he wrote to his old *fiancée* threatening to commit this very murder. The murder, as the accusing advocate pointed out, was committed exactly 'according to programme.' And yet Dmitri had not carried out his programme at all. But I am afraid our judges have not the psychological insight of Dostoevsky."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE KINGDOM OF THE BEARDED TIT.

"Il n'y a pas d'hommes dans ce paradis," writes François Jammes at the end of his sketch "Le Paradis des Bêtes." Among the reed-beds of the shallow Broads, north and north-east of the river Thurne at Potter Heigham, there are no men. Everywhere beyond them the vast plain of moist pasture and redeemed fenland is graced—for once graced, not marred—by the handiwork of man, and his only are the mills and the white and brown sails that take the place of hills and trees, and blend as softly as they with a land still wild, and stealing more wildness year by year.* Upon that mild landscape, bathed in a luminous ether, and almost changeless with the seasons, there rests the tranquillity of injuries forgotten, and of a pact achieved between land, water, and man in which neither has the first nor the last word.

But the open face of the Broad, with its fantastic coif of reed, sedge, and reed-mace patterned about its shores, and advancing dense coils and streamers far out upon the waters like the head-dress of some savage beauty, remains as primitive as were its first invaders. The narrow alleys, often little more than the width of a gunning punt, turn and wind endlessly, open out into mysterious glades or clearings—where the kingfisher with his plumage of stained glass is the tutelary god—and plunge again into the depths of the reed-thickets. But it is no kingfisher I expect to see at every turn and bend of this labyrinth. The sudden sigh of a breeze among the reeds where there is no wind seems the breath of some prehistoric beast, and the sparkles of the sun flying fish of some unknown race that fled into the reeds at our approach.

There are no men in the crowded monotony of the reeds—the marshmen being but occasional visitors like rare birds—nor is there print of them anywhere. In early autumn, between the close of the domestic and the full urge of the migratory season, there are few birds to be seen even upon these lonely waters. The coots paddling in and out of the reeds or dashing over the surface with immense strides and wildly waving wings are the only conspicuous residents, for the sedge- and reed-warblers are silent, the bittern bumbles no more, and, having lost his voice, seems, like Syrinx, to have been transformed into a reed. The late broods of pied and yellow wagtails on the river banks are drifting south *en famille*; the swallows clanning at chosen stations, and occasional pairs of sandpipers, parties of teal and greater black-backed gulls and straggling terns are homeless, with no local habitation but the whole Palearctic region. Changes in the physiography of the fens, brought about largely by economic causes, increase the sense of desolation, because their effect is to conceal the birds. The spread of the reeds, owing to the decay of the reed-cutting industry, has dwindled the numbers of snipe and other wading birds, though it has been favorable to the increase of the hidelings—warblers, bitterns, &c. Ploughland has relapsed, and few of the marshes are now mown for cattle-fodder. Thus the coarser grasses triumph and shelter the meadow-pipit, but drive the lapwing away. The familiars even of this strange world within a world are displaced, and every moment one expects to meet some rare new thing

* The decline of agriculture is as marked in the Broadland as in more cultivated districts

on passage, radiant like the swallow-tail brushing the tops of the reed flowers, and as rarely seen as the otter lurking in their shadows. The varied cries of the coots, of the reeds reedy, and the "sharming" of the invisible water-rail, the very scream of the armless Grendel in his den, hurry one deeper into a timeless and unreal world, where the senses act their parts to the control of fantasy. And suddenly, from the barbaric heart of the reeds, there is a chime of fairy bells. Fantasy had spoken, and I had heard the voice of the Silerella.

Sir Thomas Browne it was (in a letter to John Ray two years after the compilation of his list of Norfolk birds) who gave this name to a secret little bird—"of a tawny color on the back, and a blew head and yellow bill and black legs." Linnæus called it *Panurus biarmicus*; the marshmen name it Reed Pheasant because of its long and graduated tail and wavering-weak and whirring flight over the waterways between the reeds; bird-men prefer the Bearded Reedling; sturdy Crabbe stuck to his own "Bearded Manica," and to the wide world it is known as the Bearded Tit.

The Bearded Reedling has been a good deal bandied about. Dr. Gadow took it away from the tits and handed it to the finches; then Newton made it a family to itself, the *Panuridae*; and its nearest structural allies are now thought to be—the humming-birds. It is not a migrant, though it sometimes strays and gets lost in queer places, as changelings will. Before the marshes were reclaimed and the collector was spawned out of the litter in the backyards of science, it ran up the blades of the reeds, and pushed those black moustaches between them with the rufous tail swung round them, and exposed in many counties a fay and singular beauty of orange-tawny buff and black, grey and pink, and grey and blue. In 1898 the late J. H. Gurney calculated there were but thirty-three pairs left in Broadland (as compared with 160 fifty years before), where to-day it alone survives in all Great Britain. The collector, the *dame damnée* of the modern world of wild life, is mainly responsible for this by making it impossible for the bird to bear up against its natural handicaps. In 1907 Miss Turner, who has lived among the reed-elves, declared they had a stronger hold on life, and Mr. Coward, in his invaluable handbook, that they were "actually common" on some Broads. Seventeen nests were found in 1909 over one small area, but only three altogether last year. I fear the species is nearly bankrupt again—and on the authority of Miss Turner herself, who graciously took me all over the great Broad which is their headquarters, and hers to watch them. For they are not shy, and are always shaking their bells, so that they do not go unheard, if more rarely seen. Some, no doubt, were in the moult in the first week of September, but they are early and late nesters, rearing two or three broods (of from five to seven young in each) in a season, and in spite of the calm day and hours of search, we discovered them in but two places. It was no easy winter in Norfolk in 1921, and it is probable that the Bearded Reedling does not live so much on seeds in the winter as on the larvæ of insects, particularly the reed-mace grub (*Laverna phragmitella*), which it picks out from their hiding-places. The Reedling maintain their hold, not because they are hardy, but because they are prolific. With the rat beneath, and Montagu's Harrier above, in the summer, and the possibility

of harsh winters, they are birds that need close guarding indeed from the human rodent, who has played the chief part in reducing them to this sad tenuity of life, if these waters and England are not to lose them for ever.

There rests upon these little birds a strangeness which reaches beyond the lamentable history which has huddled the last of them into a minute corner of our land, and beyond their isolation from the common life of shore, field, and hedgerow, dwelling within the shadow of man's labor. The white spots on the pink palates of the young birds in their nests, platformed of dead reed-blades, lined with the flowers of the reed or sweet-gale in the swamp of thick sedge, are markings so incommunicable in meaning that they seem to be symbols of the mystery. Two hen-birds sometimes lay their eggs in the same nest, and the cock-bird continues to line the nest with flowers till the eggs are hatched. In their spring nuptials, the only birds of the reeds which never leave their homes year in and year out except in a kind of aberration, and move among their close, dim columns as sprightly and harlequin as the stonechat on the open heath, they rise high above them, lover climbing above lover, until they are lost in heaven with the lark: and when the sun rests its hub upon the edge of the world, and evening dulls the golden wands with their black pennons, he stretches his wing over her back, both side by side and drowsy on their stem. In the winter many have been found squeezed together in the manner of long-tailed tits, in a compact ball felted of plume and down.*

When I saw them—though it was September—the cock was rustling excitedly to and fro, feeding his scattered babes. I think I must have expected to see King Oberon in person, and I certainly hadn't realized they would not be easy to see at all. Richly dressed they are (the males), and yet so toned to the bluish-greys of the truncated stalks, the tawny of the living rods, and the confusion and commotion of broken dyes and shadows in the general appearance of the reeds, that to them they are as the flame to the glow of a fire. It is their sweet singing which reveals the mysterious, unviolated beauty of the Broads and fens. So I remember most not the sight, but the voices of the birds in what for them is well named their haunts. Just as flesh-and-blood Neanderthal man is the source of the ogre's legends, so this pure harping might have given to folk-lore the thought of a stringed instrument of faërie, a thumb-nail in length with vibrant wires struck gaily, laughingly, by a sprite of the moony circle. Heard in a room, this low and fragile music, and yet bright and bewitching as the ivory flowers of the Grass of Parnassus which lives in these swamps, as rare as the bird, might suggest the *pizzicato* of the violin, or even the tinkling of two pennies balanced on the fingers. But heard as I heard it, under the vast and tranquil heavens of this antique fenland, my own country for hundreds of years, it seemed to be a music enchanted but not alien, and externalizing, translating into natural and auditory terms those tiny sparks which a chance happiness, a line of poetry, a caress strikes from the soul. The strangeness of these rare little birds, whose calls were as shining as their plumage, was not in these things alone, nor in the fondness and delicacy of their ways in so wild a setting, but in the communion of them all with the still stranger and rarer illumination of the human soul.

H. J. M.

* I am indebted to Miss Turner for certain of these details about their lives.

Contemporaries.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

WHEN a friend dies, we do not find it hard to pay our tribute. We remember his solid worth and benefit, his warm comradeship; we recall faults in him with fondness, we exaggerate his virtues (he was worth it, and in any case he was a better man than we can say), and his life work is the tangible stuff of labor and endurance. And that is why it is not easy to write of Katherine Mansfield. She was hardly corporeal. She was in this world, but she gave the uncanny impression of being a visitor who might make up her mind to go at any moment; and certainly you would never know why she went. One look at her eyes was sufficient to convince you that her reason for going, if she gave it, would only confuse you the more. She would speak in perfect gravity, of course, and with evident anxiety not to grieve you; and yet you would be half expecting her, all the time, to smile in faint and enigmatic mockery.

She has been called a beautiful woman. That is hardly the word. Beauty, as we commonly understand it, is attractive. Katherine Mansfield's beauty was attractive, but it was also unearthly and a little chilling, like the remoteness of Alpine snow. The sun is on it, and it is lovely in a world of its own, but that world is not ours. Her pallor was of ivory, and there was something of exquisite Chinese refinement in the delicacy of her features, her broad face, her dark eyes, the straight black fringe, and her air of quiet solicitude. And her figure was so fragile that a man beside her felt his own sound breathing to be too evident and coarse for proximity to the still light of that wax taper, a pale star sacramental to what was unknown. You saw she was half phantom, likely to go out, to depart. And she suggested the power—an illusion, possibly, created by her luminous pallor and her look of penetrating intelligence—of that divination which is supposed to belong to those not quite of this world. One is not surprised to hear, therefore, that she was the ineffably cool recipient of confidences (cool she would have been, but she must have been surprised, nevertheless, and sometimes alarmed) of fellow creatures who judged that it was no good hiding anything from her, and that she was a providential being who would give subtle and ghostly counsel. They knew she would not be shocked. She would not condemn. She would not applaud. She would not congratulate. She would not advise for one's material good. She would listen without comment, and then tell the truth from her place above good and evil. The regard of her eyes was distinctly uncanny. She did not seem to see your face, but the back of your mind. It is said of some stern men that their glance goes through you. It never does. It can always be met and turned, unless you are a rogue. But Katherine Mansfield's serene and intent scrutiny was not like that. It was direct, but not challenging; it seemed to have no purpose, but to rest, a little tired, with impartial and impassive interest, on your secrets, while you talked of something else. This could be disconcerting, and, if not repellent, yet still caused the admiration of some folk for her to be confused with a shade of cold fear. She made them nervous when with her, and critical of her afterwards, though, perhaps, she never knew that. They would impulsively call her cruel, as though they had at last exorcized her. She did learn that, however.

And, in a sense, it was cruel of her; if you can call it cruel of wisdom to divine the thing you dare not admit to yourself, and so have buried it from the light of day. But I know with what pain she shrank from the charge. She broke her reserve with me but once, and that was when, on the publication of "The Garden Party," she learned that she was called a mocker of human weaknesses. She knew I had carefully read her stories, but that I had been equivocal about them, and she appealed to me in a letter which showed serious distress. The beauty of her work was manifest; yet in the story which gives the title to "Bliss," the beauty is as faint

and immaterial as is the aurora borealis to a numbed and forsaken traveller. What has it to do with him? How can he admire such wonders of God? The story of "Bliss" begins by rousing the sense of cosiness so dear to the incurious and glozing temper of those who need not consider anything they do not like. It even encourages that comfortable sense of security, by hinting its affinity to such things as the mass of a blossoming pear-tree at twilight against a jade-green sky; that lovely symbol is seen from a window in an early page of the story. Yet the end of the story devastates warm human hopes with a derision that springs from a dark ambush well designed. Her appealing letter came, however, when one knew her better. One had read "The Garden Party." It was clear then that we had before only partly known Katherine Mansfield. It was a question no longer of confessing a clever writer whose subtle devices were disconcerting, but of saluting a master. So it was an easy pleasure to be instantly ready to reply. One had but to surrender to her.

For one understood at last what her mockery was. She stood between this world and the next, and saw our disillusionments and disappointments at the end of a long, clear perspective. They were diminished for her. She knew their relative unimportance. But they were revealed by her with such startling clarity that we were shocked by their cold, unbeneficed distinction in diminution. And she expressed no pity. Yet pity for us is an irrelevance when what we grieve over is shown to be hardly significant beside the magnitude of a careless world intent on other things. An irrelevance, indeed! Yet how poignant becomes the story, when that is understood!

Katherine Mansfield knew its poignancy. "The Garden Party" may be called her own reconciliation with fate. She is near her departure, and amid all the world's pains, which we had imagined to her were of little account, and were significant but in that, she chooses Ma Parker, the charwoman who had nowhere even to weep; and the trivial husband whose good nature is laughed at by the clever figures in "Marriage à la Mode." If Katherine Mansfield ever hated anything with vehemence, it was cruelty and injustice.

That is clear enough in her work. But we English readers delight in being fussed over, and in having our thoughts kindly returned to us by artists, suitably decorated and approved. Katherine Mansfield never once came down to flatter us. She remained aloof. She had no choice; she had been set apart by destiny, and was waiting. But she well knew and loved the warm scene she was leaving, and, for her part in it, she gave new life and form to the art of short-story writing. If that is doubted, then read "The Fly," which appeared on March 18th, 1922, in *THE NATION* and *THE ATHENÆUM*. When was so masterly a short story last published in English? The more it is read, the more profound it seems to be. It might be called a terrible indictment. Whether she meant it to be that we do not know. But it is that; and, beyond the horror in it, there is love and pity.

H. M. T.

Communications.

THE PREROGATIVE OF MERCY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM*.

SIR,—No useful purpose would be served by now further discussing the merits or demerits of the convictions in the Ilford case. But in view of the future it is opportune to draw attention to certain serious considerations directly arising there-out regarding the proper functions of the Home Secretary, as the constitutional adviser of the King in the exercise of the prerogative of mercy, and of the Court of Criminal Appeal, as set out in the Act of Parliament passed in 1907 which created it. The

Court of Criminal Appeal was established to remedy miscarriages of justice on the ground of a wrong decision on any question of law, including, of course, the misreception of evidence, or misdirection by the Judge who tried the case, or on the ground that the verdict was unreasonable or could not be supported having regard to the evidence. It was also given jurisdiction in appeals against sentences (except the death sentence). But it is expressly provided by the Act that nothing therein shall affect the prerogative of mercy, though the Secretary of State, on the consideration of any petition for the exercise of His Majesty's mercy, having reference to the conviction or to the sentence (other than sentence of death), may, if he thinks fit, either refer the whole case to the Court of Criminal Appeal, to be heard and determined as if it were an appeal by the convicted person, or, if he desires the assistance of such Court on any point arising in the case with a view to the determination of the petition, may refer that point to the Court for their opinion thereon. The reason for this proviso appears pretty clear. Before the institution of the Court of Criminal Appeal, and also since, petitions for the exercise of the prerogative were and are not infrequently based partly on considerations of a miscarriage of justice as regards the conviction which a Court of Criminal Appeal would be the most competent body to deal with, and it is as regards these matters, and also, but in non-capital cases only, the sentence, that the Court would be a suitable and valuable adjunct. But in all cases the prerogative of mercy is preserved, and the Ilford case was heard by the Court on direct appeal by the convicted persons.

It may be that in some cases coming before the Court of Criminal Appeal it cannot say that the verdict of the jury was unreasonable or could not be supported having regard to the evidence, and therefore it could not be set aside by that Court; yet a different conclusion by the jury might also have been reasonably possible having regard to the evidence, or a reasonable doubt might exist which, if the jury had considered it and given effect to it, would have resulted in an acquittal, or in some other verdict more favorable to the prisoner. It is in appropriate cases of this kind that the exercise of the prerogative of mercy may be still properly exercised, as well as on other considerations affecting the circumstances and inviting mercy.

The true position of the Court of Criminal Appeal as regards the exercise of the prerogative of mercy was well put by Lord Reading, L.C.J., the then presiding Judge, in his judgment in the case of John Alfred Field and William Thomas Gray, both convicted of the murder at Eastbourne of Irene Munro, the young typist, whose cases came before the Court of Criminal Appeal in January, 1921. At the conclusion of Lord Reading's judgment, which nowhere contained any references to or comments on the heinousness or otherwise of the crime, but dealt entirely and exclusively with the other and appropriate considerations affecting the convictions, he said, as reported in the Reports of the Court of Criminal Appeal: "*We pronounce no view affecting the exercise of the Royal Prerogative.*" I conceive this to be the correct attitude of the Court of Criminal Appeal, and believe that it represents the traditions of that Court from its establishment in cases involving the sentence of death.

In the Ilford case the present Lord Chief Justice, in dealing with the appeal of Bywaters, is reported to have said in his judgment: "This is a squalid and rather indecent case of lust and adultery in which the husband was murdered in a cowardly fashion, partly because he was in the way and partly, it would seem, because the money he possessed was desired." And in the case of Mrs. Thompson's appeal he said, as reported: "On that evidence it is a case which exhibits from the beginning to the end no redeeming feature."

I do not propose, and it is at this time undesirable, to discuss how far these observations were adequately founded. But it is in my view a matter for the most serious consideration whether the Court of Criminal Appeal did not in this case take a departure from its traditions; whether such departure is not fraught with

danger as regards the future; whether it is not contrary to the letter and spirit of the Act establishing the Court; and lastly, whether it was not one tending to the embarrassment and prejudice of the Secretary of State in the exercise of one of his most important and anxious functions.—Yours, &c.,

Ex-JUDGE.

Letters to the Editor.

THE COMING PENAL REFORM.

SIR,—May I reply through your columns to your correspondent "Prison Visitor"? The Howard League for Penal Reform, formed by the amalgamation two years ago of the Howard Association and the Penal Reform League, exists for exactly the purposes mentioned; in fact, since, to the best of my belief, the phrase "Penal Reform" was coined by the younger of these two constituent societies, the very wording of your correspondent's question suggests an echo of the League's activities. We believe that the many minor ameliorations in prison discipline made recently are largely due to the united efforts of our League and of the Prison Inquiry Committee.

The present policy of the League with regard to capital punishment is to demand an alteration of the law by which, when the jury recommend a prisoner found guilty of murder to mercy, and the judge endorses the recommendation, sentence of death should not be passed. This would in no way interfere with the Home Secretary's power of subsequent reprieve when it was passed, but it would do away entirely with much unnecessary suffering, since the strain of undergoing the death sentence and waiting, day by day, to know whether it will, or will not, be inflicted is a ghastly form of torture. So severe is this that it has become the custom not to carry out an execution in a prison where men who have been reprieved are confined; their over-tried nerves simply cannot bear the memory of the ordeal. We believe that public opinion is ripe, without any further delay, for the immediate introduction of this change. It would leave open the question of whether capital punishment can ever be justified, but it would tend to narrow that question down to an ever-diminishing number of instances.

Your correspondent is, however, right in saying that the whole question of the treatment of offenders, though less sensational than that of capital punishment, is really of far greater importance in the calculus of suffering. The unscientific treatment of "criminals" sentenced to imprisonment by one similar routine, regardless of the underlying causes of the crime, is a piece of cruel stupidity which will surely amaze those who come after us. The Birmingham magistrates, with their scheme for the medical examination of offenders, have made a gallant start in the right direction, but the country, as a whole, is too-indifferent to insist that their example shall be followed by other Benches.

Moreover, the question goes far beyond the narrow bounds of prison. To give justice to every man is one of the most fundamental duties of the State; yet, at present, our system of criminal law lags lamentably behind public opinion, and its supervision fails between an overworked Lord Chancellor's Department and an overburdened Home Office. The extraordinary diversity of the sentences given by different Courts is notorious. The moral sense of the women in one of our large prisons was lately outraged by the sentence of three years at Borstal for a girl of sixteen, who had already passed weeks in prison waiting for the Assizes, for the "crime" of pilfering a few flowers from a cemetery. Compare this with the sentence of one month's imprisonment recently passed upon two parents who kept a child of nine for six days tied with outstretched arms to a bed!

The noblest instrument in the hands of our Courts for the reformation of offenders, probation, is used almost to the full in some districts, whilst in others it is barely known.

The inadequate provision for defence of poor persons still leaves the scales of justice heavily weighted in favor of

wealth; widespread ignorance of the causes of crime, physiological, psychical, and economic, loads the beam still further against the defective, the diseased, and the unfortunate. The claim of the law to "do right to all manner of people" is made void by the fact that the "laws and usages of the realm" have not been adjusted to the knowledge or the morality of the present day. The Howard League exists "to promote the Right Treatment of Delinquency and the Prevention of Crime." May I appeal to all who are interested in these questions to get into touch with it?—Yours, &c.,

S. MARGERY FRAY.

7, Dalmeny Avenue, N. 7.

WILLIAM GILPIN.

SIR,—H. J. M.'s amusing comments on William Gilpin in your issue of the 6th inst. leave out of the picture the things he did best—his monochrome drawings of English and Welsh scenery, and his aquatints. He was also one of the most intelligent schoolmasters of his time, and, later in life, as a country parson a good friend to village schools.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. SADLER.

"GEORGIAN POETRY."

SIR,—I have just read with many feelings of pleasure your critic's kindly notice of the new "Georgian Poetry," in the course of which, however, he accuses me of "elementary negligence in failing to give the reader the slightest indication of the date of the poems selected, or the volumes from which they are taken." Perhaps he will allow me to use what is notoriously an elementary form of retort, and ask him to do me the elementary justice of looking at the index at the beginning of the book. He will there find that all the poems which have appeared in volumes at all are traced to those volumes, the dates of which are given in the despised bibliography at the end.

May I add that if my preface should prove to have "warned all future rivals from my path," this unnatural result will have been entirely undesigned by me?—Yours, &c.,

E. M.

[I owe "E. M." an apology. I hope he will not think it a grudging one if I say that it would have been a little more convenient to the reader if he had combined his pair of bibliographies and indicated the volume from which a poem or poems were taken with its date in the general bibliography at the end, instead of putting the name of the volume without the date in its contents list. But this is, after all, a minor matter, and I must express my sincere regrets to "E. M." for my unjust accusation.—The Reviewer of "Georgian Poetry."]

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

SIR,—The Ilford tragedy has once more focussed the attention of the public on the existing law in regard to murder, and the opinion is expressed on all hands that the present position is unsatisfactory.

The matter is one which cannot be dealt with by intermittent popular agitations or Press campaigns; the only practical course is to use all proper means to urge the Government to appoint a Commission to inquire into the whole matter.

I trust, sir, that you will urge this course upon the Government and that all of your readers who are interested in the matter will press their Parliamentary representatives to support this proposal in Parliament.—Yours, &c.,

A. H. HENDERSON-LIVESEY.

London, S.W. 1.

THE EGYPTIAN TREASURE.

SIR,—I have not been able to follow with much sympathy the discussion as to whether the treasure which has been taken from the tomb of the ancient Egyptian

king should be kept here or in Egypt. I see the reasonableness of both points of view; but to me it does not seem to matter who is the receiver of these stolen goods—this loot which, in the name of science and progress, has been torn from the roots of time. The whole question seems to me to be a far more fundamental one than that of deciding who is to possess what no one has a right to.

The question is: What gives us the right to commit sacrilege? Has time set a limit to the respect and reverence we pay to the dead? Do tombs, like books, after a while go out of copyright, and then may we, with clear consciences and brains all active for knowledge, and hands eager to handle the precious things, and feet unmindful that they tread on holy ground, and hearts in which imagination and human tenderness find no place—may we then rush into these secret places, and, with inquisitive, unseeing eyes, peer into the darkness which was meant to be dark and secret for ever?

When our thoughts turn to our Unknown Warrior, who was buried with so much pomp and ceremony, and with such loving kindness, by us, for whom he was, indeed, a symbol, can we think quite calmly that one day, for the sake of something we may not now even conceive, he will be dug up, and treated as a thing, a specimen, by people to whom the pomp and ceremony and tenderness and symbolism will have no meaning? Did not those fadeless petals lying there from 3,000 years ago make some of those ambitious, excited scientists pause?

These things can be done. Reverence is dead, and our brains have grown bigger than our hearts. Nothing must be secret. All mystery must be brought to light and classified. The beautiful darkness of antiquity is pierced by these glaring searchlights, and we see all and know all. These most precious things were chosen for their beauty and worth to be buried with the dead, to serve them. They were significant only where they were. We have despoiled a holy place. Yet we, who held up hands with righteous horror at the destruction of Louvain Cathedral, and who pretended to believe that only the Germans stole the beautiful ornaments from the altars of French churches and defiled the sacred vessels and blew out the sacred lamps, applaud the destruction of an ancient monument, stored with beauty by human hands and hearts expressing a religious emotion not less deep.

I cannot help thinking, in spite of the intellectual knowledge we have gained, and the million pounds' worth of specimens with which some museum will be enriched, that as human beings with hearts that are still capable of knowledge deeper and better than science can give us we are infinitely the poorer.—Yours, &c.,

HELEN THOMAS.

Otford, Kent.

Poetry.

OUR LONGER LIFE.

SOME little creatures have so short a life
That they are orphans born—but why should we
Be prouder of a life that gives more time
To think of death through all eternity?

Time bears us off, as lightly as the wind
Lifts up the smoke and carries it away;
And all we know is that a longer life
Gives but more time to think of our decay.

We live till Beauty fails, and Passion dies,
And Sleep's our one desire in every breath;
And in that strong desire our old love, Life,
Gives place to that new love whose name is Death.

W. H. DAVIES.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

"Is France Right?" is a headline that we have seen frequently during the last week. In the City, where stern anti-German sentiment is proverbially prominent, a number of people have allowed their wishes so far to father the thought that they can make a reply which admits the possibility that France will succeed by bringing the Ruhr industrialists to heel. But for most observers, especially those who succeed in banishing sentiment from their economic judgment, the answer to the question has already been given in advance by Mr. Bonar Law and his financial advisers at Paris. A minor and more domestic question, but one which is not unconnected with the answer to the question about France, is: "Is the Stock Exchange right?" The feature of recent City days has been the contrast between the nervousness of the exchanges and the buoyancy of the Stock Markets. This buoyancy is attributable partly to the plethora of money, and partly to hopeful views of the upshot of the debt-funding discussions at Washington—which the latest news has somewhat severely shocked. But this Stock Market buoyancy and its causes need a deeper analysis than that. It seems that there are two entirely conflicting influences at work among professionals and among the investing public, which, working through different channels, are combining to paint the picture of general Stock Market strength. One line of thought leads to the support of gilt-edged investments, and the other to the support of industrial. The support of the latter arose out of the argument that too much fuss is being made about Europe, and that, in spite of the foreign outlook, British trade, like the disciple of M. Coué, is getting every day, and in every way, better and better. The support of the former is justified by the contrary argument that the European shake-up means the postponement of trade revival, the continuance of cheap money, and, consequently, good times for high-class fixed-interest-bearing securities. (Parenthetically, it may be added that gilt-edged stocks are, to some extent, directly benefiting from the European crisis, because it shows up Britain to the investing world as the only "safe-security" country in Europe.)

Time will show which line of thought is nearer to the thin, straight line of truth. Perhaps both may be right in this limited sense, that although real trade expansion and European peace and recovery have been postponed *sine die*, the immediate effects on British trade of the Continental developments may be of a mixed and patchy nature, and, in some special cases, even momentarily helpful. Brokers appear to expect the continuance of market activity for some time to come. They may be right. The psychology of the investor is even harder to gauge than the prospects of the course of economic events. But there are surely enough sparks flying about among inflammable material to justify some measure of caution and precaution, and yesterday already hesitation was visible.

The one event of the week in the City that surprises nobody is the crash of the German mark, which, to those who regard mark stabilization as the first essential condition of securing substantial reparation, might seem of itself sufficient to answer the question with which I began this page. But that the franc has not fallen much further than it has is another surprise akin to that of Stock Market strength, and less amenable to explanation.

GREAT BRITAIN'S TRADE BALANCE.

So far as I am aware, no trustworthy estimate has been made of the probable size of this country's invisible exports in 1922. About two years ago, the Board of Trade made an estimate, but this is no longer of any use for present calculations, owing to the profound economic changes that have since taken place. But there would appear to be little room for doubt that 1922's merchandise import excess of about £180 millions is generously covered, or that during last year this country's real balance was favorable to a substan-

tial amount. In other words, Great Britain is in the position of having, once more, a substantial margin available for investment abroad and for repaying debt to the United States (practically our only foreign creditor). In 1919 our merchandise imports exceeded our exports by no less than £662 millions, so that in three years this balance has been reduced by over £480 millions—a very remarkable achievement. To this total reduction 1920 contributed £284 millions, and the past two years nearly £200 millions between them. Apart from the question of the balance, coal is the feature of 1922's trade, exports having recovered to 64 million tons, or only 9 millions short of the 1913 total. Iron and steel exports also make a brave showing, a spurt in the last few months of the year having brought them above the level of the exports of 1920. For 1923 the trade outlook is, of course, very obscure. It would seem that trade with Europe must decline and that great efforts will have to be made to extend trade with extra-European countries.

THE RUBBER REVIVAL.

On Monday the rubber share market saw scenes reminiscent of the famous boom of 1910, although profit-taking caused some setback to the buoyancy. Many brokers expect the boom to continue, and my readers will remember that I have, on several occasions, predicted that when the raw material climbed sufficiently there would be in the share market a more than justifiable swing over from pessimism to optimism. To make an accurate forecast of rubber prospects one needs, among other things, to be able to discern the future course of trade in general, and of American trade in particular. At the moment trade activity in America is continuing, and close observers expect a continuance for some months; but warnings from high quarters suggest that it would be folly to look for a long-sustained expansion. Nevertheless, the general outlook in the rubber industry has brightened rather more and rather more quickly than was expected. Hence the present excitement. The conditions are certainly not such that I could advise investors to join in the rush to buy up low-priced shares indiscriminately. But in my view, holders of good-class rubber shares would do well to hold on and watch the progress of events, while there is, no doubt, a good opportunity for discriminating purchases. Indeed, many investors might do well to spend an hour or two going through rubber share lists with the help of handbooks of latest information. The market will probably see a series of spurts and reactions, and the wise speculator will watch for the right moment for buying. To give an idea of the prevalent feeling in the market, I may say that brokers are "talking up" Anglo-Dutch shares to 45 shillings. I should not be altogether surprised to see this prophecy fulfilled in a comparatively short time, but the extent of recent advances must not be altogether overlooked. For instance, to take the shares just named, Anglo-Dutch have already risen from a 1922 lowest of 23s. 9d. to 37s.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Bank balance sheets are coming out one by one, and next week the accounts of all the "Big Five" should be available for comment. Next week will also see the first of the big bank meetings and the speeches of the chairmen that are awaited with close interest.

The new capital market has presented interesting features. The Sudan Government have issued £3,250,000 4½ per cent stock at 93, to which is attached the guarantee of the Imperial Government, which places it in the highest gilt-edged class. The famous publishing house of Cassell & Co. offered 350,000 7 per cent cumulative preference shares of £1 each at par, which were rapidly over-subscribed. But the most important issue of the week was the flotation of a £5,000,000 6 per cent. loan at 98 by the Government of the Dutch East Indies. Significance attaches to the fact that London was chosen as the venue for this issue.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM



No. 4838.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1923.

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The World of Books.

It was a happy thought to publish a cheap edition (3s. 6d.) of Adlington's famous translation of "The Golden Asse" of Apuleius, as has just been done (Chapman & Dodd). The original was published in 1566, and even the modern editions in the Tudor Translation Series, and the similar edition published by Grant Richards in 1913, are more for collectors than workaday folk. Other translations have been—one by Lockman in 1744; another by Thomas Taylor, the Platonist and translator of Plotinus, in 1795; a bowdlerized version by Sir George Head, and a workmanlike Bohn—but Adlington is the North, the Philemon Holland, the Florio, the Skelton of Apuleius, and his curious mixture of a semi-Biblical, a silk-and-tafteta and bread-and-cheese style suits the sly, varicolored, all-things-to-all-men genius of Lucius as no other could.

"THE GOLDEN ASSE" is an amazing book, and that is not so trite as it sounds. It takes all sorts to make a world, and here is one intact, the fantastic, naive, brutal, pictorial, heady, contentious, mongrel world of Mediterranean civilization, a jumble of Oriental, African, Roman, and Hellenistic cultures, a Babel of races and religions, a system of government crumbling like our own, a Bartholomew Fair of a world, buzzing with passions subtle and primitive, the over-ripe world of the Antonines, ready to drop like a luscious fruit (full of wasps) into the surprised mouth of the Vandal and the Visigoth. It was a marvel it held together for so long, and Mr. Wells is perfectly right in the "Outline" to insist that the barbarians never overthrew the Empire. They just stepped over its ruins. This wonderful world a man can hold in the hollow of his hand for three-and-sixpence, for its welter and incongruity are somehow crammed into "The Golden Asse," the work of that ingenious and yet harum-scarum charlatan and adventurer, and a lot more too, Lucius Apuleius. It is like a hotchpotch of the "Canterbury Tales," "Gulliver's Travels," "Don Quixote," the "Thousand and One Nights," the "Seven Champions of Christendom," the "Newgate Calendar," and the Book of the Revelation, and the oddest, wildest farrago of extremes, of lubricity and sacerdotalism, philosophy and low life, simplicity and cunning, splendor and squalor, poetry as decorative as Spenser's and prose as downright as Defoe's, ever invented and put together by one brain. It is, in fact, the literature of an entire period, and more or less contemporary works like the "Satyricon" and "Daphnis and Chloe," and the other Alexandrian romances, seem

just bits out of it. Nothing discomposes you in "The Golden Asse"; you pop from Egyptian thaumaturgy to a robber's cave, and from the cave to Olympus and the roystering of the gods, and on to a baker's parlor, and across the way to the enamelled fields of faërie at a dizzy speed without turning a hair. Witchcraft and Hellenism and the vulgarities of small tradesmen, what a mixture! In this world the tinker puts his arm round one of the Graces, but nobody stares.

In "The Golden Asse" you sense the bestial cruelties of the ancient world, the refinements of corruption, and the festering evils of Roman misgovernment. Side by side with them is the exquisite fairy story of Cupid and Psyche, itself a queer blend of mediæval romance, Renaissance fabliau, and Grecian myth, whose seed has spread and covered the world with a whole flora of beautiful folk-tales, for seventeen hundred years. And in the shifting lights of that gem the anthropologist may trace the mysteries of taboo! So amid all the frankincense of that charmed tale, you find Venus scratching her ear and Salatia "with her bosome full of fish" in her train, while phrases like "bald as a coot," so well suited to the pungent Elizabethanism of Adlington, break up the honeyed cadences and throw a high light both upon them and, by reflection again, their own saltiness. Mr. Seccombe has written an introduction of exceptional scholarship and critical power to the Grant Richards edition of "The Golden Asse," but I think he a little undervalues the dazzling impression it gives of life's richness and variety. It is neither a profound nor a great book, but it is one of the romances of the world.

If evolution means anything at all, it means everything, and as "The Golden Asse" is the mirror of the third century A.D., it is instructive to compare it (very much in the large) with our own. As Mr. Seccombe says, our world is "less hideous and less cruel" than that one, and of all changes, that is the most fundamental. But though modern civilization is a jarring pack of self-conscious, independent nations, and the ancient Mediterranean one of Apuleius was a single Western world-state, ours is, without question, infinitely more uniform. Citizen for citizen, we are all alike as two peas, and though we have more knowledge and more sensitiveness, and have greater achievements behind and greater possibilities before us, yet a sort of dullness and greyness permanently overclouds us, such as the brutal and vulgar domination of Rome never succeeded in pressing upon the motley peoples under its sway. "The Golden Asse" does show that the biological statement is sound, and that even the coarse integration of Rome did imply a corresponding differentiation. Secondly, "The Golden Asse" helps us to understand a puzzle about Christianity, and that is—how was it that the utterly free, open-air, anti-doctrinal and anti-institutional sayings of Christ got immediately overlaid with a nexus of superstitious dogma and magical abracadabra, which were borrowed from the Pagan cults all round, and have imprisoned them ever since? The answer partly is in the weakness of human nature, but partly too in "The Golden Asse," which exhibits a world as thick with sorcery as a London fog with particles of soot.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

ANGELS IN THE RED SEA.

THERE was a crowd of guardian angels in the bows of an outward-bound liner steaming before the wind down the Red Sea. Every passenger—even every unblessed steerage passenger—was represented in that company. The angels of the captain, the officers, and the Lascars, if they existed, had their quarters elsewhere. The crowd in the bows was a changing one, since most of the angels were frequently called away to attend to their duties. In fact, those of the children were never seated for more than twenty seconds before, with a murmured "Excuse me," they hurried away to their work. The guardians of the good were obviously in a minority; they were sleepy and complacent. Mrs. Purey's angel, indeed, was never in demand at all except when his charge dropped a stitch or mislaid her pince-nez. He was immensely stout, and affected the philosophical, innocuously epigrammatic manner common to those on whom the world makes no claim.

"It must be the heat," said Young Taylor's angel, who had shocked, innocent eyes. "I can't keep my man up to his standards at all. He's holding Mrs. Wellington's hand now, and I can't find a trace of Mabel on his conscience. Yet when they parted at Tilbury—" He dashed away again towards the promenade deck.

"It'll be hotter yet," giggled Mrs. Wellington's angel. "But Mrs. W. and I are acclimatized. Young Taylor hasn't made the least shadow of an impression on us, of course. Nobody has since—well, we must amuse ourselves somehow."

"That's so," agreed Mrs. Purey's fat angel. "Happiness is a duty. Some people put happiness on and off like a robe. . . . It should be rooted within like bones. . . ."

Bennet's angel laughed abruptly. He had a white, sour face and carried, like his master, a little flask. "Happiness. . . ." he said. "Yes. . . . a duty. We worked that out twenty years ago." He sipped from his flask. "Happiness—as you say—rooted warmly among one's tired bones. . . ."

Tetherton's angel was obviously accustomed to elementary military life. "Doesn't pay," he said, and he had caught from his subaltern, Tetherton, the guilty manner of the young Englishman trying to uphold high principles of which he is ashamed. "It's a man's duty, if you know what I mean, to keep decent and fit and all that sort of thing, especially before natives. . . ."

The heat wove trembling coils of air between the ship and the burnt, corrugated coast. There was no breath of wind at all. The still air touched one's lips like fever.

Young Taylor's angel reappeared irritably in front of Tetherton's. "Hasn't your man got anything better to do than annoy mine? He has no business to make Mrs. Wellington laugh at us. Besides, it isn't funny. We can't help it if our Adam's apple sticks out a bit. . . ." His temper flared suddenly. "My man hates himself too much already. He feels himself walking on his awkward feet along the deck and Mrs. Wellington's pale eyes following him. He has forgotten Mabel now—because of Mrs. Wellington's humiliating eyes. . . . That's what makes his Adam's apple quiver—and your man only laughs."

"Oh, well, my man's only ragging. It's hot, and we must work our energy off. Come along with me and look after things."

Mrs. Wellington's angel giggled again. "But Young Taylor is simply a *sketch*, you can't deny it. Anyway, it's too hot to be kind."

"It'll be hotter yet," said Mrs. Purey's angel placidly. "How glad I am that my woman knits so much! My woman is rising to heaven on a lifeline of heather mixture wool. But if I were you, my dear, I'd run along with Tetherton and Taylor and give your Mrs. Wellington a hint."

"As if my Mrs. Wellington couldn't look after herself!"

The ship rolled a little in the slow blue sea; a rim of white ran up and down the parched, unvisited beaches of Arabia. A couple of whales in the distance flung up light fans of spray. A great noise of hot babies crying drearily haunted the air. Behind that noise there was, it seemed, a soundless roar of heat to deafen hearts. A sensation of dreadful excitement was poised on the ship.

Tetherton's angel came back, limp with heat and sullenness. "It really is your job," he said to Mrs. Wellington's angel. "I can't stop my man ragging while your woman sets him on."

Taylor's angel followed him furiously. "Call your man off. Call your man off. We can't stand any more. Stop your man grinning with his gums. We are much cleverer than he is, though we never went to school. Mabel never laughed. . . ."

"Oh, shut up! It's only a rag," shouted Tetherton's angel, whose face was scarlet. "Your Taylor ought to learn to stand a little ragging. Does the silly cad suppose Mrs. Wellington ever had any use for him, anyway?"

The violent heat jerked their features and limbs as though they were wired puppets. They jostled each other like angry children as they ran back to their charges.

Mrs. Purey's angel, who had not moved all day, suddenly looked alarmed. "Why. . . . why. . . . she's stopped knitting. . . ." He hurried away. Very few of the guardians were off duty now. And soon all were gone except Bennet's angel and Mrs. Wellington's.

"I'm not going to interfere, but I simply *must* go and watch the row," said Mrs. Wellington's angel. "You know I really do believe Young Taylor and Tetherton will murder each other before night."

Before night. There was a great brass wall of day to climb before night.

Bennet did not need his angel. He had found coolness and peace of a kind. He was asleep by the door of the bar. A sunbeam, refracted through an empty glass, explored his crumpled figure as the ship rolled.

For a long time Bennet's angel sat watching the sea. Like fairies over a troubled city, the flying fish sprang from the eaves of the waves and flew with a lilt in their flying till they slipped down distant white chimneys of spray. In pursuit of the ship came the dolphins, so near that one could see the trembling steel strength of their bodies as they curved themselves—taut as bows—in the air.

Perim was in sight. A gag upon the mouth of the dead Red Sea. A scarred island crushed with heat. A terrible sleek island enclosed in a brazen crust of heat as a more fortunate island might be enclosed in a shell of trees and flowers. The round oil-tanks watched the sky with an insane gaze.

Mrs. Wellington's angel came back. "Oh, my dear, Taylor and Tetherton are fighting. Taylor said to Tetherton: 'I'll hurt you, I'll hurt you,' and Tetherton leaned over and made a mocking noise in his throat and unhitched Taylor's deck chair so that Taylor sat hard among the ruins. . . . Oh, my dear, I thought we'd have *died* laughing, my woman and I. . . . And they fought and their angels fought, and—what do you think?—Mrs. Purey got up and boxed Taylor's ears—you should have seen her fat angel's face as he tried to pull her off—and her knitting fell into the sea. And three of the flappers are in hysterics, and the captain is threatening to put Taylor in irons. And my woman's gone down to her cabin to read some old letters; she'll be all excited and joyful over those letters for the next hour, pretending she doesn't remember that the man who wrote them is dead. Anyway she doesn't need me for the present. What's your man doing?"

"Still asleep. Still asleep. It's too hot to wake."

The island of Perim passed slowly, and behind it the charred mountains of the mainland revolved, moving in and out of clouds. The polished sea between the ship and Perim was scratched by the fins of sharks and pocked by shoals of tiny leaping fish.

And suddenly the world came into that hot emptiness. The cool wind came in. A terrible doubt seemed

dispelled by the gay wind. Presentiment and doom slipped from the strangled throat of the day. The air was clean of cries and of the drumming of heat. A cool crown of safety and serenity clasped the foreheads and the hearts of the returning angels.

The angels came back in quiet groups of two or three. Tetherton's angel had his arm round the shoulders of Taylor's. Mrs. Purey's stout guardian still looked bewildered; his astonished parted lips only moved to frame at intervals the words, "Well . . . Well . . . Well . . . who could have foreseen such a thing? . . ."

"The iron hand of the heat has let us go," said Bennet's angel, rising a little unsteadily. "We were prisoners. We are free."

"Why—where are you going?"

"I'm taking my man home."

"Home? But isn't he due to land to-morrow at Aden?"

"Land? What is land to him? I'm taking him home."

STELLA BENSON.

Reviews.

VICTORIAN SOCIETY.

Political England: a Chronicle of the Nineteenth Century. By Sir ALGERNON WEST. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

Lady Palmerston and Her Times. By MABELL, COUNTESS OF AIRLIE. Two volumes. (Hodder & Stoughton. 30s.)

Reminiscences. By Lady BATTERSEA. (Macmillan. 21s.)

WHEN Sir Algernon West was on a visit to the Tennants, the conversation turned one day on a saying of Sir Horace Walpole's: "The times immediately preceding their own are what all men are least acquainted with. A young man knows Romulus better than George the Second." Everybody agreed that this was true, and Miss Margot Tennant pressed Sir Algernon West to write a history of the nineteenth century in order to supply a deficiency in her political education. "Political England" was the result of her request. It is interesting as showing how exclusively Sir Algernon West, who was a public official and had mixed all his life in political circles, concerned himself with what we call high politics. If anybody wanted to form some idea of the condition of the mass of the people in the Victorian age he would search its pages in vain. On the other hand, there are lively and pointed descriptions of Governments, situations, crises, and statesmen. West had a good memory for stories, and he certainly contrived to make his chronicle readable. He showed his book to Lord Acton, who made the odd observation that he was glad that West had marked the distinction between the liberal and illiberal parties as that between good and evil. We doubt whether the ordinary reader would carry away such a vivid impression of that contrast as Lord Acton seems to have formed. West also consulted Lord Welby, who told him that he had learnt from Sir W. Stephenson, who had been Peel's secretary, that it was Aberdeen who communicated Peel's decision to abolish the Corn Laws to the "Times." Another footnote mentions a memorandum by Welby on Lord John Russell's failure to form a Government at that time. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, who gave good reason in his life of Bright for his view that Lord John refused because he did not want a pitched battle with the Lords, had seen this memorandum. West quotes a good *mot* of Peel's. He was looking, with a friend, at a portrait of Croker, who had been one of his most bitter assailants when he adopted Free Trade. "How good it is!" said his friend. "You can almost see the quiver on his lip." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." He quotes Peel's well-known peroration: "It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labor and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of goodwill when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of

injustice." West calls this sentence beautiful. It is, we fancy, more suited to Victorian than to modern taste.

The other two books whose titles appear at the head of this article provide interesting pictures of the development of Victorian society. Lady Palmerston was the daughter of the first Lord Melbourne, and granddaughter of Sir Matthew Lamb, who made a fortune as a lawyer of a character not too scrupulous. Thus the Lamb house had an origin not unlike that of the house of Fox. Lady Palmerston was the younger sister of William Lamb, the Melbourne who was Prime Minister and confidential friend to Victoria; William Lamb was brought into the intimate Whig circle by his unfortunate marriage to Lady Caroline Ponsonby, daughter of the fascinating Lady Bessborough, niece of the famous Duchess of Devonshire, and the infatuated slave of Byron. His sister passed into the highest circles of the same world by marrying Lord Cowper, a great Whig magnate and a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire. Her marriage, though it did not provide any sensations like those that made her brother's *ménage* so notorious, was not particularly happy. But Cowper died in 1837, and two years later his widow entered, at the age of fifty-three, on her radiant career as Palmerston's wife and chief hostess in the Liberal Party. Palmerston was then fifty-five. To many observers there was something a little ridiculous in the raptures with which the two elderly people embarked on marriage. Queen Victoria wrote to the Prince Consort: "They are both of them above fifty and I think they are quite right so to act, because Palmerston, since the death of his sisters, is quite alone in the world: and Lady C. is a very clever woman and much attached to him. Still, I feel sure it will make you smile." The marriage proved in every sense a complete success. Lady Palmerston found perfect happiness in entertaining for her husband, softening the animosities he excited, taming down his asperities, manner, and language, and giving him good advice, not always without effect. She brought all her grace and tact to his service, and took as much trouble about her parties as a conscientious Minister would take about his plans. She wrote out her invitations with her own hand, and her daughters, who addressed the envelopes, complained that she would not overlook the smallest slip. Saturday evening was devoted to these parties, and they were arranged in every detail with the utmost care, with a view to conciliating opponents as well as to the improvement of connections already established. She gave her husband some good advice about his relations with the Queen:—

"I am sure the Queen is very angry with you. I am afraid you contradict her notions too boldly. You fancy she will hear reason, when in fact all you say only proves to her that you are determined to act on the line she disapproves and which she still thinks wrong. I am sure it would be better if you said less to her—even if you act as you think best. . . . I should treat what she says more lightly and courteously, and not enter into argument with her, but lead her on gently, by letting her believe you have both the same opinions in fact and the same wishes, but take sometimes different ways of carrying them out."

One of the worst things Disraeli did was the conversion of Queen Victoria into the overbearing, intolerant woman she became towards the end of her life. That was largely the result of his gross flattery. Her earlier Ministers, who remembered the days when her uncles got drunk in the country houses and were only too glad to be given a day's shooting by some Whig nobleman, never prostrated themselves before her. Where she differed from Palmerston she was often right and he was often wrong, and Palmerston certainly treated her with less respect than was her due. But the change in her demeanor, if it is to be attributed in part to the loss of the steadying influence of the Prince Consort, is to be attributed largely to the demoralizing atmosphere that Disraeli brought into the Court: a change not merely from Palmerston's irrepressible independence, but also from the behavior of Melbourne, Peel, and Russell, who could respect her rights and yet respect themselves.

Lady Palmerston was the mother-in-law of Lord Shaftesbury, who married her daughter Emily in 1830. In this way she was the cause of the strange alliance between the pleasure-loving Palmerston and the leader of the straitlaced Evangelicals. Shaftesbury succeeded in closing his eyes to the facts about Palmerston's private life, and he comforted himself with the assurance that Palmerston died a penitent

and believing Christian. This was based on Palmerston's demeanor when Shaftesbury spoke to him on his death-bed of sin and forgiveness; Palmerston did not move his hand in sign of dissent. Lady Airlie publishes in her book the account given by his doctor, Protheroe Smith, of one of his last visits to Palmerston, when Palmerston could scarcely speak, and his doctor talked religion to, or as some would say at, his patient. One of the most interesting letters in these volumes, which in general are a little disappointing in this respect, is a letter from Lady Cowper's brother, written in 1829, setting out the reasons against accepting Ashley as a son-in-law. He was on the wrong side in politics; had an odious father and an income of £3,000 a year, of which a third was derived from his place in the Wellington Government. The same writer, who was a good deal about the Court in 1846, at the time of the crisis over the Corn Laws, sent two or three interesting letters at that time, describing the Queen's anger over the failure of Lord John to form a Government, and particularly over the offer of office to Cobden. She was, of course, strongly with Peel on the great question at stake. The comments of Lady Palmerston's brother, who, like Lord Melbourne, was hostile to repeal, give us his view of the Queen's sentiments: "Wild about Free Trade, and the whole Household talking nonsense in the same direction. With this there is a great wish to undervalue the Aristocracy and (I doubt not) a great willingness to see them lowered. If the Protectionists had but common sense and would yield what ought to be yielded, I firmly believe we should beat Johnny, Peel, and the League united."

Lady Battersea's volume gives us another picture of Victorian society. Lady Battersea is well known as an accomplished and gracious lady, and her reminiscences, though not in any sense striking, give an agreeable picture of the society in which she has spent her life. If Cobbett had lived half-a-century longer, he would have seen a large part of the Home Counties under the sway of two families—the Barings and the Rothschilds—representing the "paper lords" whose aggrandizement he regarded as the great evil of his time. The widespread connections of the Rothschilds are all assembled in these pages. As country gentlemen they seem to have maintained the standards of their predecessors; they kept up their estates and built cottages. They introduced a taste for natural history, and the Rothschild museum at Tring is known all over the world. In respect of country sports they seem to have fallen very quickly into the habits of the country aristocracy: too quickly, some will think, for in order to make sure of sport on the days they could spare from the City, they introduced the practice of tame stag-hunting into Bucks. The landlord type seems to dominate all who come into the charmed circle, and the *nouveau riche* soon settles down into the ancient seigneur. The Rothschilds were Liberals in the old days, and Lady Battersea has an interesting passage on this subject:—

"For political reasons my uncles had for many years selected as their tenants men of Liberal views in politics, and they generally proved to be dissenters. This was the rule before the days of the ballot. The Whig tenants, naturally anxious to be on friendly terms with their landlords, the members of my family, and aware of their sporting tastes, opened their gates freely to the hounds and their masters. Even the introduction of the ballot did not change any of these time-honored customs."

The paper lords helped to recreate in a new form another feature of eighteenth-century life. In the eighteenth century the English and the French aristocrats were friends and shared a common culture. These ties were broken at the French Revolution. In the Victorian age this cosmopolitan atmosphere was reintroduced through the Jewish Continental connections of the new families, with German music taking the place of French literature.

Lady Battersea lived largely in this world, but she also lived in the world of Liberal politics. She reproaches herself for allowing her Jewish attachment to her mother to stand in the way of her popular husband's preferment, for when he was offered a Colonial Governorship she could not bear to leave her mother, with whom they lived at Aston Clinton. She has met or known nearly everybody of consequence, and one of the best things in the book is a letter from Lord Morley with this passage: "There is a deer drive to-day. My wife has gone. But I sternly keep the faith. One of the worst things in the world is fear, and you and I won't find our pleasure in fun which depends on fear."

THE ARETINE.

Pietro Aretino, the Scourge of Princes. By EDWARD HUTTON. (Constable. 12s.)

THE very name of Aretino is a by-word, which may be said to be symbolized by the infamous "Sonnetti Lussuriosi" for Giulio Romano's drawings. De Sanctis says that no decent man would even mention it before a lady. "Brought up amid evil examples, without religion, without a country, without a family, devoid of all moral sense, and with utterly unbridled appetites," he stands for the complete moral breakdown of the Cinquecento, the last phase of the individualism of De Sanctis's *uomo del Guicciardini*. Modern scholars, notably Luzio, have, it is true, demolished some of the most picturesque features of the legend. The quondam bastard is now known to have been the lawful son of a shoemaker. He did not die of a fit of laughter at some outrageous escapades of his sisters, for they were respectable women, while he duly confessed with much weeping before apoplexy carried him off. Yet Mr. Hutton admits he was a monster. To make him anything less would be to belittle him.

But he was a man of genius, and to Mr. Hutton, as to De Sanctis and others, he is the first great journalist, the first master of publicity. His power lay in his pen, and he showed it first in the pasquinades he wrote on behalf of the Medici cardinal, afterwards Clement VII., till he was obliged to flee from Rome with his hand maimed for life; then in the *giudizi*, witty skits on the astrological almanacs of the day, full of scurrilous personalities; and lastly in the letters, the first to be published in the vernacular, upon which his literary fame chiefly rests. His pen gave him power, and he used it to obtain money. Bully, blackmailer, and libeller, he was ready to fawn on the hand that would fill the mouth of this Cinquecento Cerberus, or to flesh his teeth in the hand that refused; and he boasts of it. That this "condottiere of letters," as Titian called him, should have been the boon-companion of the last great *condottiere*, Giovanni delle Bande Nere, who died in his arms, is intelligible. That he should have been bought by Charles V. with a pension that helped him towards the security he craved, is also intelligible, considering his power. But that the Emperor should have treated him as an honored guest is a striking proof of the corruptness of the times, though it helps to explain how he could be regarded as a serious candidate for a cardinal's hat.

Naturally, it was in Venice, whose praises he sings in his best comedy, the "Cortigiana," and where alone he could enjoy the freedom he needed, that he settled, in a splendid palace on the Grand Canal. Here he was able to keep open house, thanks to the contributions of every kind, from Francis I.'s gold chain to table delicacies, which his pen enabled him to levy on the most powerful men in Europe. In eighteen years he received 25,000 scudi in pensions alone. And here he indulged his appetites to the full, his favorite maids and mistresses being known as the "Aretine." Other vices compelled even the easy-going Venetian Government to expel him, though his powerful friends soon secured his recall. Yet Aretino had a heart. He could love a woman genuinely, he was a devoted father, and he was charitable. Like a fashionable highwayman, he robbed the rich and helped the poor. And he made real friends. His affection for Titian, who painted his portrait more than once, is one of the most pleasing traits in his character. With Sansovino they made an inseparable trio. Doubtless Aretino was valuable in advertising Titian. Thus he introduced him to Charles V. But his letters both to him and to Michelangelo prove beyond question not merely his profound admiration for great art, but his understanding of it and his real critical ability. From a letter which Mr. Hutton quotes it is pretty clear that Titian realized Aretino's inferiority, which, for all his boasting and inordinate vanity, that worthy would certainly have admitted. The wonderful descriptions of the Grand Canal are written to Titian, doubtless because he knew that he at least would appreciate them.

It is in letters such as these or in that describing Giovanni delle Bande Nere's death, with the many others redolent of the life of the day, that Aretino has left us his most valuable legacy. The importance of the comedies lies in the fact that they are merely another aspect of them, an even fuller and more speaking picture of the rollicking life he

saw around him; and the same may be said of the "Ragionamenti." His alone of the Renaissance comedies owe nothing to Plautus or Terence. Hardly less original is the "Ortensia," his one tragedy, though it is—as it could only be—constructed on classical lines. Italy has never produced a great national drama, but with Alfieri's "Saul" in one's mind, it is difficult to follow Mr. Hutton in calling it the best of Italian tragedies. At a time when literature was rapidly becoming altogether divorced from life, thereby reflecting the subjection of the peninsula to foreign rule, the significance of Aretino's work is very great; and his letter to Bernardo Tasso shows how well he knew it. Pedantry, as he saw it, was ruining the peninsula. His little Latin and no Greek were the salvation of this journalist of genius. Had he been put through the regular mill—though with a character of such robust independence this is hardly conceivable—he would inevitably have been spoiled. He cared nothing for models. When he wrote he looked round him or drew upon himself, not upon books. His letters were written as fast as his pen would travel, and what they lose in slovenliness of style, they gain in racy vigor. Only a man of his enormous force could have thus deliberately scorned the whole literary tendency of his generation and made himself a power in Europe by doing so.

This is much the best book of Mr. Hutton's we have read—so good that we wish he had troubled to weed out some of the repetitions. In spite of Luther across the Alps, once he is back in the Cinquecento, there is happily little risk of his putting up any of his pet bugbears. Though he knows that Aretino is a monster, this is not the impression left by his most readable memoir. Obviously, Aretino attracts him far more than he repels him, and we doubt whether Mr. Hutton would have loved him half so well had he not been something of a monster. He can even plead as excuse for the "Life of Christ" and the other religious writings that they are the Sunday articles in his great paper. Aretino was certainly not the last man to write sermons with his tongue in his cheek. He actually succeeded in gulling Vittoria Colonna; or was it merely that she wished to win his powerful pen for the cause, whatever his beliefs? The shameless cynicism of his reply is one of the most repulsive letters that ever came even from his pen, fully justifying this biting epigram of Paolo Giovio:—

"Qui giace l'Aretin, poeta Tosco,
Che d'ognun disse mal fuorchè di Cristo,
Scusandosi col dir: non lo conosco."

On the whole, we think that the Aretine has been handled no worse than he deserved. In our own day we can afford to treat him fairly and give full recognition to his good qualities. He is now merely a subject of literary and antiquarian interest. But in the Cinquecento he was a danger, the worst symptom of a virulent disease, all the more alarming because of his extraordinary abilities and influence. Elizabethan England took the true measure of Cinquecento Italy, for all the genius that distinguished it, and made no mistake about its significance. Mr. Hutton rightly sees it summed up in Machiavelli, Ariosto, and the Aretine. Ariosto's ideal world was too remote from life to be dangerous. It is easy for us to see the greatness of Machiavelli, but it was in the cynical contempt for morality which Marlowe puts into his mouth when he speaks the Prologue to the "Jew of Malta" that he reflected the Italy of his day. And this is equally true of the Aretine as he appears, for instance, to Lady Politique Would-bee in "Volpone."

L. C.-M.

CHINESE DRAMA.

Studies in the Chinese Drama. By KATE BUSS. (Boston, Mass.: Four Seas Co.)

CONSIDERING that English commercial intercourse with China is of longer standing than that of almost any other white nation, and that the English communities and English trade in China are far in excess of any other, it is to our great discredit that we know and appreciate the Chinese so little in their cultural activities. A few connoisseurs collect and admire their painting and porcelain, a few scholars read their classical books. Mr.

Waley's renderings of poems have shown what fragrant and exquisite sources exist for the sensitive translator. In all probability their success has shown that a public for such translations exists. But to more than the average Englishman the Chinaman is merely a potential customer to be fobbed off with tricky contracts and bad goods; or a coolie to be shipped in thousands for hard labor; or, at best, a sinister opium fiend or a vendor of cocaine.

To an admirer of the Chinese, then, it is always refreshing to read the books of other nations on Chinese topics, because they are free from the self-satisfied contempt that the Englishman too often exhibits, and show a greater readiness to understand and appreciate. The American color prejudice is stronger and more rigid than ours, but even the books of Americans on China do not contain the note of condescension which may be detected in almost all Englishmen. Miss Kate Buss, for instance, has written a book on the Chinese traditional theatre which any English resident in the country might, ought to, but never would write. It has been left to an American woman to take the trouble to find out, and to think it worth while to record her knowledge of, what is quite one of the most remarkable theatres of the world. Previously, the French have given serious work to the same theme, and have translated a number of plays. A few translations also exist in English. One may perhaps hope that Mr. Waley, after his Japanese plays, will produce some from the Chinese.

The Chinese theatre arose, like our own and that of the Greeks, out of religious rites. Ours, however, became entangled with the classical influence during and after the Renaissance, and lost a great deal of its elasticity and of its heritage from Christianity and the Northern mythologies in consequence. Medieval mysteries and the older mummer plays, with their mystical figures dealing with the rites of sowing and harvest, were ousted in Europe by the more literary forms, and finally killed by the age of reason and the resultant movement towards realism. The chronicle play and the lovely old comedy of types vanished before the same cold blast, except for a sporadic revival of the former during the Romantic epoch. But in China, thus far, all the traditions have gone on unimpeded: symbolical figures, gods and goddesses, devils, kings and emperors continue their time-honored rôle in the theatre despite a common disbelief in the religions and institutions that they represent. The rites of Confucianism, the religion of the Tao and of Buddha, and a very long tale of historical events have all contributed their part in stories and characters. They have made of the theatre what ours might be if the kings and generals, the clowns, the fairies, the priests, the acrobats and tumblers, the common varlets of Shakespeare, and the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome, the Herods, the devils, and the Mrs. Noahs of medieval mysteries, were still living and popular figures for the mass of our people.

Miss Buss makes some interesting remarks upon the earliest ritual dances belonging to the period several centuries before Confucius, in which feathered wands are used in civil celebration and in worship of the spirits of agriculture; whilst vermilion shields and jade battle-axes are used in military celebration. The jade signifies virtue, and the shields benevolence—"to inculcate clemency to those defeated"—a ritual to which Western warriors might well pay some heed. The present reviewer has seen a civil celebration with a dance by boys bearing feathered wands on the occasion of Confucius's birthday. This ceremonial is officially kept up by the Republic, and is in process of becoming a regular State function like the "Trooping of the Color." The movements of the dance are slow and measured, accompanied by the chanting of an officiating priest and very beautiful ancient music. It takes place at dawn amidst brazier fires, on a wide marble space reached by dragon-carved marble steps, in front of the main hall of the temple. The worshippers are grouped below between two dark rows of arbor vitæ. The whole has a flavor of Greek antiquity which one would hardly have hoped ever to recapture, and gives a clear insight into the origin of ancient drama. At a "rehearsal" on the afternoon previous to the ceremony modernized Chinese stood by in amused groups, taking Kodak pictures.

Other chapters in this book, which is all of interest, deal with the types of character and music of Chinese plays and with the customs and status of actors. The author tells the salient facts which a European would wish to know, but does not attempt to bring a picture of the theatre before our eyes. Serious defects of style make the book difficult reading. Such a sentence as the following is specially trying: "Upon such misleading and rare occasion the general may be as foreign to the battle lists as the genii to the birth registry, for when the Chinese dramatist most clearly limns the unlikely he may the most ardently surround it with every ramification of the actual."

The photographs of present-day actors included in the book greatly enhance its value. Mei-Lan-Fang, who appears in the frontispiece and elsewhere, is quite one of the most delicate artists on any stage. He plays female parts with inimitable grace, and by his talent and personality has done much to raise the status of the actor in Peking. It might be worth the while of an enterprising manager to persuade him as far as London.

Miss Buss repeats the commonly accepted theory that the Chinese are so "different from us" in that they are not susceptible to romantic love. It is true that their good manners deprecate the expression of inordinate passion; but, not to mention the Emperor who lost his throne through an attempt to bring a smile to the lovely face of a cold mistress, there are plenty of Chinese of humbler origin to whom love has been a torment and a madness. Nor does the theatre lack scenes of passionate young love, condescendingly treated perhaps, but still recognized. There is no Censor in China, but the writer of an indecent play receives a unique royalty in the form of a haunting by evil spirits every time his play is performed both before and after his death. A censorship of this kind on bad plays in London might do much to improve the state of the English drama.

FRANCE AND THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Middle Ages. By FR. FUNCK-BRENTANO. Translated from the French by ELIZABETH O'NEILL, M.A. (Heinemann. 15s.)

M. FUNCK-BRENTANO's volume is the first in order of time of a series of six, which will jointly make up another co-operative history to be called "The National History of France." It is addressed to the intelligent general public which has leisure to read history on a wide scale, while it is indifferent to minute points of scholarship. In this book M. Funck-Brentano, who is the editor of the whole series, has succeeded in setting the right tone for such a work. He writes primarily the history of France, but by the twelfth century France had become the central country of Europe, and English readers will find in his pages a good general guide to the chief turning-points of West European history, up to the end of the fifteenth century. His narrative is readable; his effects are broad; he carries his readers along with him; his outline is generally correct, and his stores of recondite learning compensate for some limitations in the exactness of his scholarship. We could wish that the style were less breathless and lurid. It might also be suggested that the popular appeal would not have been less direct had the author taken more pains in securing accuracy of detail, and had he shown more intimate mastery of some of the works of scholarship to which he refers freely in his bibliographies.

M. Funck-Brentano shows special knowledge of the Netherlands, but he is not at his best in dealing with English history. It is impossible to accept his dictum that while medieval monarchy in England was of a "military" character, that of France was of a "patriarchal" character. He entirely misunderstands the reasons why the English had military superiority over the French in the early battles of the Hundred Years' War. Crecy was not won by "infantry composed of archers and pikemen." The dismounted men-at-arms on the English side had an equal share in the victory. They were equipped with the same arms and armor and were of the same social rank as the chivalry of France which they defeated. A gentleman was not less

a gentleman because he fought on foot and left his horse in the rear. And he fought on foot because experience had shown that that was the best way to resist the charge of the French cavalry. M. Funck-Brentano does not know that the French adopted the English tactics as early as the battle of Poitiers and advanced against the enemy on foot. He is in error in thinking that Edward I. and Margaret of France had no children. Few scholars will agree with him in his belief that twelfth-century France was as populous as France is now. In his haste he often makes bad confusions, as, for instance, when he dates in 1242 the treaty of peace by which Henry III. renounced Normandy, though elsewhere he rightly assigns the settlement to the Treaty of Paris of 1259. Even apart from weakness like this, it cannot always be said that his political narrative is coherent or satisfactory.

The strong points of the book are to be found elsewhere than in the political chapters. M. Funck-Brentano, fortunately, has that wide conception of history which takes account of all factors in social progress. The most vivid and useful chapters of the book tell us about the epic literature of the *Chansons de Geste*, the rise of the towns, the glories of twelfth-century civilization, the minstrels, the universities, the cathedrals, and the artists of the French Middle Ages. There is plenty of spirit and fire in all these chapters, and much curious and interesting learning. We are grateful for such hints by the way as the suggestion that miniatures of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries can be dated by their use of colors. The appearance of "a new color, a composite color—green," shows that the miniature is not older than the last third of the twelfth century. It was about the same time that illuminators began to set themselves free from "hierarchical traditions of composition." "The first artist whose brush dared to clothe the Virgin in a robe which was not blue appears as a bold innovator." The thirteenth-century artist showed "revolutionary audacity when in a picture of the Nativity, he represented the Divine Child resting in the arms of his mother, instead of lying, according to rule, in the crib under the muzzles of the ox and the ass."

Mrs. O'Neill's translation is adequate for the purpose. It has the merit of being readable, and we are seldom reminded by slavish adhesion to French idioms in an English dress that we have to deal with a translation. Unfortunately, the translator has some of the defects as well as the qualities of the original. She is substantially sound, but she has not always taken the trouble to translate place and proper names into their appropriate English shape. Neither "Plaisance" nor "Placencia" will do for Piacenza, nor "Gallienus" for Galen. "Anna Comnenus," "Isaac the Angel," and "Pouille" are equally inadmissible. The "abbey of the men of Caen" is a weird version for *l'abbaye aux hommes de Caen*, and it may well be doubted whether Nogaret, at the time of the outrage on Boniface VIII. at Anagni, "permitted the cardinals to withdraw to Péronne." The index is accurate, but far from being complete.

SOME NEW NOVELS.

Downstream. By SIGFRID SIWERTZ. Translated from the Swedish by E. CLASSEN. (Gyldendal. 7s. 6d.)

Dusty Star. By OLAF BAKER. (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.)

The Mayflower. By VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ. Translated by ARTHUR LIVINGSTON. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

The Long Journey. By JOHANNES V. JENSEN. Translated from the Danish by ARTHUR G. CHATER. (Gyldendal. 7s. 6d.)

The Garland. By SIGRID UNDSET. (Gyldendal. 7s. 6d.)

"DOWNSTREAM" is one of the best novels Messrs. Gyldendal have as yet published in England, but, lest I should deceive the reader, let me say at once that it is a study of meanness, avarice, hypocrisy, treachery, cruelty, fear, and revenge. All these human qualities are living and strong in the Selamb family, who are only children when the book begins—two little girls and three little boys. It is perhaps superfluous to add that they are unpleasant children. Stellan and Laura, gifted with beauty and cleverness, can be charming enough when it serves their purpose, but Hedvig, who has beauty too, though

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of a sombre, enigmatic type, fails to achieve even this, and Peter and Tord are frankly hopeless. In the background we have the portrait, the legend, of old Høk the grandfather, evil, rapacious, cruel, a murderer perhaps, terrifying in life and in death; while a little closer, seated half-paralyzed in his chair, is the drunken, slobbering, imbecile father, who has allowed Selambshof to go to ruin, and in whom no active impulse but gluttony survives. Round this repulsive figure dance the little Selamb, all the evil passions of their progenitors stored in their brains, moving in their blood. As they play them, even their childish games turn to something sinister. They have been born with a horrible subconscious knowledge; they know exactly where to pry for the corruption that awakens in them an immediate response; they are first parasites and then beasts of prey—all except Tord, the youngest boy, who might have been a genius had he not been a degenerate.

Tord is, at least, free from that lust of money which leads to the vilest actions of his brothers and sisters. Morose, passionate, and half-mad from boyhood, hating his own family, hating everybody, he in the end sails out deliberately to meet a clean death on the sea. As for the others, with the exception of Laura, they find death in life (Hedvig and Peter find squalor, too), though all amass wealth, thus proving themselves true descendants of old Høk. Peter is cunning and sentimental, a boorish lout, obscene, degraded, dishonest; Stellan, superficially correct and distinguished, is at heart cold, unscrupulous, cruel; the nun-like Hedvig, who has been a Red Cross nurse, and in whom a premature sexual discovery has led to morbid perversion, marries a wealthy consumptive and murders him deliberately by a vampiric love; Laura, callous and gay, has the mind and temperament of a prostitute. Cleverness they have, these Selamb, and cunning, but none of them has intelligence, because intelligence is a quality of the soul; and none of them, except perhaps Tord, has a soul. Out of this material Mr. Siwertz has created his book. It is a strong book, a gloomy book, and overwhelmingly sordid. But it is not tragic; its substance is too ignoble for tragedy. Yet it is masterly, because every character in it, from childhood to old age, lives, and because it is designed and invented so that in the end we know these Selamb more completely than if we had been brought up with them. Absorbed, we watch them. Our interest may resemble Tord's unhealthy gloating over his praying mantis, who in the very act of love turns round and begins to devour her husband; nevertheless, they hold us; there can be no question of the book's sombre fascination.

I wish I could feel that Mr. Baker had been as true to his wolves and foxes and bears as Mr. Siwertz has to his Selamb. It is not that I doubt the superiority of almost any quadruped to such persons; it is only that now and then I cannot help doubting the truth of Mr. Baker's psychology. Wolves, bears, &c., are not so like us, I fancy, as he believes. He believes they are very like us indeed, or rather, he would probably put it that we, at our best, are very like them. The Indian boy Dusty Star, for example, who is the hero of his tale, though an unusually fine boy, is not quite so fine as Kiopo the wolf. Their qualities of intelligence, courage, and fidelity are much the same, but in Kiopo these qualities are raised to a slightly higher power, and are softened by a protective tenderness and generosity, so that in their friendship he gives more than he receives. At any rate, the book is delightful, much superior to those popular stories "White Fang" and "The Call of the Wild," both because it is better written and because it is free from sentimentality. Also the fact that Dusty Star, like Mowgli of the "Jungle Books," is so much nearer to the wild creatures among whom he lives than Jack London's heroes could ever be, helps it enormously. Mr. Baker must have seen this, and it is, therefore, surprising that he did not carry his plan further, since the book would have gained in every way had Dusty Star been quite alone in it with his four-footed friends. The scenes of Indian camp life are vivid enough, but it is when we feel the loneliness of the forest all around us, when Dusty Star is living with Kiopo in the heart of the wilderness, that the story really grips our imagination, acquires, indeed, a kind of beauty. It was necessary, of course, to give us that little introductory glimpse of an Indian home, but once Dusty Star had abandoned his own people he should never

have returned to them. What is more, either Mr. Baker's picture of Kiopo, Baltook, and Goshmeelee is false (that is to say, idealized), or he never would have returned. These squaws and chiefs and medicine-men cannot for a moment compete in attractiveness with the beautiful creatures into whose world he has been admitted and made welcome. They are a noisy, squabbling, empty-headed crew, and that Dusty Star should have resisted Kiopo's final attempt to bring him back to his wolf kindred makes us feel that Mr. Baker, after all, can only be telling us a fairy tale. At least, it is a charming one, and let it not be supposed that the book is merely for boys. It is a book for boys certainly, but it is also a book for grown-ups, and particularly for every lover of animals.

There is much of the heat and cruelty, as well as of the color, of the South in "The Mayflower," a new novel by Vicente Blasco Ibañez. The "Mayflower" is a boat, and the actors in this violent little tale are Valencian fisherfolk. Almost at once we guess how it will work out. Tonet, the good-for-nothing younger brother, will betray Pascualo, the elder; discovery and murder will follow; and when the beautiful Dolores marries Pascualo we can even foresee every detail. Nor is this the result of an unusual perspicacity; it is merely that we have read the story, or seem to have read it, so frequently before. That is the worst of choosing characters incapable of experiencing or expressing any but the crudest animal passions: their stories once read, it is impossible to re-read them till we have forgotten the plot. The surface, when the author is Maupassant, may be hard and brilliant, but there is nothing underneath. This book, for instance, is well done; the translation, apparently American, is quite good; yet Tonet, Dolores, and Pascualo are less interesting than Kiopo, Baltook, and Goshmeelee. Of course, if we hold the view that the *crime passionnel* is the expression of life at its most significant, we shall probably enjoy the novel; but Tonet, Dolores, and Pascualo under their picturesque draperies are really stock figures, they are absolutely undeveloped spiritually and mentally, and I am at a loss to see why they should be supposed to become interesting when they commit adultery and murder.

More primitive still are the characters in Johannes Jensen's "The Long Journey"; but then "The Long Journey" is not a novel, it is an elaborate myth, invented to describe the story of man from his beginnings till the end of the Ice Age. This myth bored me, and I turned to "The Garland," a romance of Norway in the fourteenth century. It is a long, carefully written, closely packed book, really a love story, enlivened by a good deal of incident. Nevertheless, it, too, left me cold. I cannot think that either "The Long Journey" or "The Garland" was worth translating.

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bit as comprehensive as that of Spengler's book. Although Westphal appears to cover very much less ground by making politics the only subject of his book, it is not really so, for he includes therein the whole world of culture, from Religion and Philosophy to Law and Architecture, Art and Music, which he regards as the various forms of self-expression of a people, and he describes their influence on political activity. He recognizes and portrays quite admirably the inner relationship between culture and the political activity of a nation. His object is to show the reader how, during the course of history, single factors arise and leading Powers step into the foreground, disappear, and are again replaced by others. Spengler, on the contrary, endeavors to show that the development of the various nations, or spheres of culture, is very similar, and always follows a definite law. But Westphal, although recognizing the likeness between certain historical events, deems them to be isolated occurrences, unconnected one with the other. And, consequently, he denies that it is possible to foretell the future from the past. Historical events do not repeat themselves. The past must be recognized as such. That does not mean, however, that a knowledge of history cannot render valuable services to our practical life. We can obtain certain rules and principles to guide us, without attempting prophecy. All scientific endeavor renders the greatest practical service when it is undertaken for its own sake.

Westphal combines keen observation and penetration with the earnest search after objectivity so peculiar to Ranke's work. The description of the dissimilarities to be found in English and French genius may be cited as the most brilliant example of his method. But the book contains many noteworthy chapters. Perhaps the least satisfactory is the part dealing with Spanish Art. He overrates Arabia's influence considerably. Westphal's book will not be greeted with the storm of counterwritings which Spengler's book produced, for the simple reason that it is scientifically more sound, and therefore less open to attack. But it deserves the interest of the public in a far higher degree.

G. V. BELOW.

Books in Brief.

The Practical Book of Furnishing the Small House and Apartment. By EDWARD STRATTON HOLLOWAY. With 207 Plates. (Lippincott. 30s.)

THIS book of advice to persons about to furnish is, in a way, what it alleges itself to be. That is to say, it gives minute instructions for the fitting-out of every sort of dwelling-place, down to points so subtle as the sex of the upholstery of the guest-room: "If for a woman's use only, then ivory, cream, grey, walnut, or mahogany furniture; if sometimes used for a male guest, then the latter three only. Sage-green rug and deep raspberry upholstery—taffeta or velour for a woman, and velour or corduroy for a man." But the author has a distressing habit of interpolating large slabs of playful and rather platitudinous philosophizing, and occasional eruptions of italics that keep the reader on the jump. As in the previous volumes in the series, there are plenty of illustrations, and the practical value of the work is much increased by the giving of the names of most of the firms producing the furniture and textiles shown. Some of these are excellent; others more questionable. The book itself would have gained much from cutting down by a candid friend. There is an Essex proverb which says that no man should hoe his own turnips. Severe though judicious thinning would have made it more possible for the good stuff in this book to make a proper show.

The New America. By WALDO FRANK. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

IN its American form Mr. Frank's book is known as "Our America." That is a quite accurate label, while the one attached to the English edition is altogether misleading. Mr. Frank's country is not "the new America," as understood, let us say, by a New England Senator whose constituency is largely composed of recent immigrants, by a repre-

sentative of the rapidly changing South, or by a member of the new Farmers' Party in the West. His America is that curious country of the mind in which certain groups of novelists, artists, and critics are, at this moment, so clamorously, and rather tragically, ill at ease. His chapters are astonishingly discontinuous, although his thesis is definite enough. Thus, the America we know is the conjoint product of Puritan and Pioneer, imposed upon a land of buried cultures (grossly falsified by historians such as Prescott); this America was, and is, sterile, in the presence of its abounding material success. The old America was repressed, joyless, secondhand. The later America—of the money power, the movies, Prohibition, and "Mr. Babbitt"—is a horror. But at least the young intellectuals are self-conscious. Mr. Waldo Frank and his friends represent "the first generation of Americans consciously engaged in spiritual pioneering." Their company is certainly diversified in character and method: Theodore Dreiser, Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Sherwood Anderson, Robert Frost, and a young New York group whose names are as yet practically unknown in England. It is all very emphatic; but either Mr. Frank or some other champion of the alleged new birth will have to write a good deal more, a good deal more lucidly, before his aim and theirs can be intelligible.

Dante, the Man and the Poet. By MARY BRADFORD WHITING. Illustrated by ASCANIO TEALDI. (Cambridge: Heffer. 9s.)

THIS unpretending book has not a little to recommend it. There are the excellent photographs that illustrate it, for one thing; then Miss Whiting writes easily and knows how to weave her widely drawn material—for she is obviously a keen student of her subject—into a story that carries one along almost imperceptibly. It is avowedly a book for the lay reader who wishes to satisfy his curiosity as to what exactly Dante stands for, and as such readers are generally at heart more interested in the man than in his work, Miss Whiting is well advised in giving most of her space to the life and times, deftly slipping her account of the writings into her narrative. However, she analyzes the "Divine Comedy" at some length, using Cary's translation in her quotations, just as she uses Rossetti for the "Vita Nuova." She is thoroughly conservative in her views, and follows the early lives which Dr. Wicksteed has published, notably that of Boccaccio, whom she quotes frequently. Naturally, she does not attempt to go far beneath the surface in her criticism.

From Sawdust to Windsor Castle. By "WHIMSICAL WALKER." (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.)

"WHIMSICAL WALKER," now in his seventies, has entertained generations of youngsters and others as the pantomime clown. He laments the decline of harlequinade, and believes that managers are wrong about the taste of the public, who can see a revue with its "stars" and "story" at any season. The first part of a pantomime was once called the "opening," and "it was, and still is," insists Walker, "the harlequinade that follows which the youngsters looked forward to with delighted longing." We remember the clown and the policeman and the sausages, and we are with "Whimsical Walker" entirely. Sixty years as an entertainer is a good record, and the gusto with which he tells, in this lively book, of his adventures in circus and theatre shows he has enjoyed himself as hugely as have his audiences.

From the Publishers' Table.

DESPITE his labors in world history, Mr. H. G. Wells has found space to produce a novel, "Men Like Gods," which will be published by Messrs. Cassell this spring. Sir Frederick Treves's new book, "The Elephant Man, and other Reminiscences"—a view "of the most interesting scenes and incidents in the author's professional career"—has been delayed, but will be issued by the same publishers in the middle of February.

FIVE books, forming a definite chapter altogether, are announced by Messrs. Kegan Paul. The first, "The

BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, LTD.

CONSERVATION OF CASH RESERVES.

THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of British-American Tobacco Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, January 11th, at the offices of the Company, Westminster House, 7, Millbank, S.W. 1, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bart. (one of the deputy-chairmen), presiding.

The Chairman said: Taking the assets side of the balance-sheet first, you will observe that the item of real estate and buildings at cost, less provision for amortisation of leaseholds £490,588, shows a decrease of £60,392. Plant, machinery, furniture, and fittings at cost or under, £529,246, shows an increase of £53,315. Goodwill, trade marks, and patents remains at the same figure as last year,—viz., £200,000, and in view of the value of the trade marks alone the directors consider this figure to be a nominal one. Investments in associated companies show a decrease from £15,340,582 to £15,266,302. This is the largest item on the assets side, but shows a decrease this year of £74,280. Other investments, which stood last year at £4,958, is now increased to £464,853, and consists entirely of British Government securities, under which description they now appear in the balance-sheet. Stocks of leaf, manufactured goods and materials at cost or under, now stands at £4,849,513, or a decrease of £2,023,552. I may say, however, that our supplies on hand are ample for our present requirements. Sundry debtors, less provision for doubtful debts and debit balances, now stand at £1,659,489, a reduction of £448,651. Cash at bankers, in transit and at call, £4,495,610, shows an increase of £1,974,630, due partly to the receipt of cash in respect of our claim against the German Government.

Turning to the liabilities side of the balance-sheet, the issued capital of 4,500,000 preference shares remains the same, but the issue of ordinary shares is increased from 16,015,645 to 16,046,070, an addition of 30,425 shares. Creditors and credit balances, £5,161,822, represents a decrease of £1,078,021 on the figure at which it stood last year. This decrease is mainly accounted for by the fact that we have now no loans from our bankers as we had last year. The item of reserves for buildings, machinery and materials has been increased from £489,737 to £500,000.

Special reserve has increased from £1,254,230 to £1,256,398, a difference of £2,168.

It will be observed that the item general reserve, amounting to £1,500,000, set up to provide against possible losses arising from the war, has disappeared from the balance-sheet. The sum of £1,221,999 14s. has been added to the balance brought forward from last year, and £278,000 6s. has been charged off. The general reserve of £1,500,000 was set up out of the undivided profits of the Company and not out of the profits of any particular year, and, in view of the steady expansion of the Company's business, your directors, after careful consideration of what the future capital requirements of the Company are likely to be, came to the conclusion that it would be to the best interests of the Company that that portion of the general reserve not required to be written off should be brought back into the undivided profits of the Company. Your directors were further influenced by the fact that world affairs and particularly European affairs are still in a very unsettled state, and in such times it is of vital importance to a company such as yours, whose business is entirely foreign, to conserve its cash reserves.

That brings me to the last item, viz.: Profit and Loss Account. You will remember that last year we carried forward a balance of £3,171,454 2s. 9d., out of which we paid a final dividend of 8 per cent., amounting to £1,281,266 6s. 5d., which left us with a disposable balance of £1,890,187 16s. 4d. During the year some additional coupons have been deposited with us in respect of the shares issuable in pursuance of the extraordinary resolution of the shareholders of May 10th, 1920, and we have allotted to shareholders 310 ordinary shares of £1 each and a sum of £310 is deducted from the balance, leaving £1,889,877 16s. 4d. To this sum has been added a portion of the general reserve of £1,500,000, set up in 1914 to provide against possible losses arising from the war, not now required, amounting to £1,221,999 14s. To this must be added the net profits for the year, after deducting all charges and expenses for management, &c., and providing for Income Tax and Corporation Profits tax, amounting to £4,400,783 14s. 6d., less the Preference dividend of £225,000 and the four interim dividends amounting to £2,566,555 11s. 2d., which leaves a disposable balance of £4,721,105 13s. 8d., out of which the directors recommend the distribution on January 18th, instant, of a final dividend (free of British Income Tax) on the issued ordinary shares of 9 per cent., amounting to £1,444,153 8s. 2d., leaving £3,276,952 5s. 6d. to be carried forward. This final dividend of 9 per cent. will make a total dividend of 25 per cent. for the year upon the ordinary shares. The directors trust that the shareholders will consider the dividend satisfactory.

During the past year we have passed through a period of some difficulty. The conditions in our business, however, have gradually improved, and are still improving, and during the first three months of our current year this improvement has been maintained.

The report and balance-sheet were unanimously adopted.

The proceedings terminated with a cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman and his colleagues.

"OUR LIVES ARE DEPENDING ON YOUR HELP"

A letter from Pugachev.

"We, citizens of Pugachev, make an appeal to you to help us to support ourselves, and to save us from a cruel death by starvation. The famine of 1921 and 1922 reduced us to a miserable and beggarly state. The bony hand of death tore out from our ranks about 2,000 persons. If we shall not have your help, such a phenomenon as cannibalism will be the general rule, and we have good reason to see it coming. This year we have neither cattle nor anything and our lives are depending on your help. Friends, we implore you to help us; we hope that you will save us from the horrors of famine."

Signed by 75 Pugachovsky peasants.

The man who handed in the appeal came back to his village a few weeks ago to find that his whole family had died of famine last winter.

Pugachev adjoins the district in Russia in which Friends are working. Should sufficient funds be available the Committee hopes to be able to respond to the above appeal.

Co-operating with the Russian Famine Fund and the "Save the Children Fund" in the "All-British Appeal" for the Famine in Russia.

"GERMANY is very near a complete collapse."

Prime Minister in the House of Commons,
14th December, 1922.

Consider what this means to millions of men, women and children. Bread is terribly dear and very scarce; fat is everywhere missing, prices are soaring from day to day, and undernourishment and starvation are showing their unmistakable symptoms.

Help is badly needed for the social services of the Society of Friends' International Centres in Berlin, Frankfurt, etc. This work is for the relief of the middle-classes and students who are among the worst sufferers.

Gifts of Money, earmarked for either country, should be sent to Friends' Relief Committee (Room 9), 10, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

Gifts in Kind (Clothing, Soap, etc.), should be sent to the Friends' Warehouse, 5, New Street Hill, London, E.C.4.

Psychology of Myths," by Professor G. Elliot Smith, is against Freud and Jung as interpreters of dreams, and is introductory to "Conflict and Dream," by the late Dr. Rivers. "Psychology and Ethnology," "Psychology and Politics," and "The Principles of Social Organization," all by Dr. Rivers, make up the five. The last-named was thought by him his greatest contribution to knowledge and method. The two preceding volumes contain accounts of Rivers's work in ethnology and in psychology.

ANNOUNCEMENTS in Messrs. Longmans' monthly list comprise: "Capital's Duty to the Wage-Earner," by John Calder, who writes with an industrial experience of forty years; "The Life and Reign of Edward IV.," by Cora L. Schofield—a work in two volumes; "Recent Essays," chosen from fifteen of our senior men of letters, by W. A. J. Archbold; and many technical works, one by Sir J. C. Bose.

"EGYPT—Old and New," by Mr. P. F. Martin, is due on the 23rd from Messrs. Allen & Unwin. It contains fifty colored illustrations, and has reference to the recent discoveries. On the same day and from the same house Mr. St. John Ervine's first comedy, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," is to make its appearance.

A VOLUME on "Thomas Rowlandson: his Drawings and Water-colors," is projected by "The Studio." A hundred illustrations, sixteen of them in color, will be included. The list of subscribers (the ordinary edition at two guineas, and the large-paper at five guineas) is open until March 15th.

MUSIC.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PALESTRINA.

PALESTRINA is a composer about whom a great deal of nonsense has been written. Modern research has done a good deal to clear up the facts of his life and to discredit the legends which were current about him in the early part of the last century. The history of the Palestrina cult remains yet to be written. He attained so much celebrity in his day that a certain style of ecclesiastical music was practised, mainly in Italy, almost up to modern times, and described habitually as *alla Palestrina*. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this practice implied a continuous study and performance of Palestrina's own compositions. His name was held in reverence, but there were very few places outside the Sistine Chapel where his music was ever heard. Palestrina came at the end of a long period which covers practically the whole of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Ecclesiastically minded critics speak of this music as the equivalent of Gothic architecture, and as the great artistic product of the "ages of faith." A certain technical change took place in music about the year 1600 and established principles which lasted till roughly 1900, and it has often been assumed that this change was the musical equivalent of the Renaissance. History points out that the Renaissance was over long before 1600, and if any period of music corresponds to the Renaissance as it affected other arts, it must be precisely that period which is associated with Palestrina and his predecessors. Certainly it was their music which the men of the Renaissance sang and played; and when one remembers the passionate enthusiasm for music which is expressed in Renaissance painting and literature it can hardly be supposed that the music which the people of the Renaissance loved was intended by its composers to express utterly antagonistic ideas. It would be much more accurate to describe Palestrina's as the music of the Counter-Reformation.

What professed to be the Palestrina style was carried on by certain composers of the seventeenth century who are little known to fame, the most important being Benevoli, Colonna, and Pitoni. Pitoni lived to a great age, dying as late as 1743, so

that he overlaps the period of Bach and Handel. But the great bulk of Italian church music developed quite naturally on the lines of secular music. What seems to have fascinated Benevoli, Colonna, and Pitoni was the massing together of several choirs. It was a period of huge baroque churches, in which music for three or four choirs, sometimes with three or four orchestras, would make a magnificent effect. In the eighteenth century the style differs little from the ordinary secular style; but there persisted none the less the practice of writing *alla Palestrina* by way of a scholastic discipline. It was a mill through which all pupils had to be put. Every now and then some single musician of an antiquarian turn of mind would take a scholarly interest in it; the most famous example is Padre Martini of Bologna. He was a man of learning and a teacher; as a composer he is remembered only by a book of graceful and amusing canons. Needless to say it was a German who reduced the Palestrinian discipline to a grammatical formula—John Joseph Fux, whose *Gradus ad Parnassum* was published early in the eighteenth century. From that time onward strict counterpoint became a scholastic exercise which has been hated by all who have had to learn it, from Beethoven down to the last new student at the Royal College of Music. Fux was not a mere grammarian; he composed operas for the Court of Vienna. But those musicians who are compelled to earn a living by teaching because they cannot attain distinction as composers are in most cases very conservative people. What their teachers taught them they pass on to their pupils. It is only the exceptional teachers, like Scarlatti, who tried to find reasons for rules. Scarlatti indeed must have been a dangerous influence on the young; he wrote a set of "rules for beginners," and actually encouraged people to break them because he thought it made music sound pleasanter.

Text-books have succeeded text-books, their authors copying the rules of their predecessors and modifying them slightly here and there to suit changes of taste. Palestrina's name was always invoked, but few examples from him were quoted. In the first place, his works were hard to find; and in the second, he had an inconvenient way of breaking the rules of the text-books. Discipline must be maintained; it is said that Sir George Macfarren, when teaching fugue, never allowed his pupils to look at the works of Bach. When Baini published his biography of Palestrina in 1829, a certain revival of interest in the music of the sixteenth century began. It fitted in with the aristocratic Catholicism of romantic Paris. Criticism was very ignorant; even Fétis was taken in by a hoax of Berlioz, who, by the way, had no use for Palestrina at all. In Germany, Regensburg became a great centre of Palestrinian study. A few antiquaries pursued it in England; but still more notable was the multiplication of text-books of counterpoint, the demand being created by the multiplication of musical examinations. One can imagine no study more odious to the young musician who has just come under the spell of Beethoven or Wagner. It was a discipline and an examination subject, which had to be kept up mainly owing to the senile pedantry of those absurd old gentlemen who conducted examinations for musical degrees at Oxford and Cambridge. Its chief high priest was a Mr. Rockstro, who had once been a pupil of Mendelssohn. He was one of those curious Victorian natures which had a passion for obedience as a virtue in itself. He even became a Catholic in his latter days, and this fact probably accounts for the quaintly pontifical style in which he wrote the book which made him famous—"The Rules of Counterpoint."

It was, as a matter of fact, the best book on the subject in the nineteenth century. The trouble was that strict counterpoint in the manner of the sixteenth century was utterly irreconcilable with the harmonic principles of the nineteenth. The present age has rediscovered the sixteenth century. Scholarship and research have made an enormous quantity of its music accessible in print, and they have at last been able to recover its forgotten æsthetic principles. To those principles the twentieth century finds itself curiously

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 (Dept. N.), 97, Downs Park-road, LONDON, E. 5. Phone: 1580 Dalston.

sympathetic. And the scholars now see that a good deal of the disciplinary counterpoint of the last two hundred years was based on a complete misunderstanding of the music of which it professed to be preserving the style. Even Palestrina habitually broke most of Mr. Rockstro's rules, and his English contemporaries were still less amenable to discipline. They were, in fact, what Mr. Rockstro would have called exceedingly licentious.

The aim which Mr. Morris* has set himself in this new treatise is to present the whole subject in a scientific and reasonable manner. He throws all the text-books overboard at the outset, with the exceptions of Morley, Zarlino, and Vincent d'Indy, if the last-named author's "*Traité de Composition*" can be called a text-book. Mr. Morris displays, or rather modestly conceals, an enormous weight of learning. The rules which he gives are deduced from the actual works of the sixteenth-century composers. But he gives few rules; it is principles that he desires to enforce. The one serious drawback of the book (apart from its misprints, which are more numerous than one expects from the Clarendon Press) is that it is too short. The author wastes no words, and every sentence is packed with valuable ideas; but the result is stiff reading, even to one who is fairly well at home in the subject. Perhaps Mr. Morris would reply that the more important part is the collection of illustrations, which are numerous and admirably selected. They cover all styles, and even include two curious rhythmical studies by a Tudor composer called Bugsworthy, hitherto unknown. One might perhaps describe him as an English Pierre Dueré, though far superior to his French rival in style as well as in ingenuity, perverted though it be. The book is hardly one for beginners; it can be honestly recommended as quite useless for examination purposes, unless examinations are reformed to suit it. The fact that it contains no more than seventy-four pages of text is doubtless due to a desire to keep its price low; but this has apparently obliged the author to abstain rigidly from all historical elucidation. The great difficulty about understanding Palestrina and his contemporaries is that the ordinary musician has no historical sense of the way in which their style developed, corresponding to that historical sense that he is pretty certain to have for the period from Bach to Brahms. Mr. Morris has fallen between two stools; he has forgotten that no musician will be able to attack the problems which he presents unless he has been through Mr. Rockstro's mill. The Rockstro mill was so hateful that very few students went through the whole of it; and it was useless, because they did not follow it up with the really important studies to which it never professed to be more than an elementary introduction. Mr. Morris's book rather resembles those grammars of foreign languages which are issued by the authority of an academy of letters. They are beyond all criticism, but they are only to be consulted by people who can already claim to be men of letters in the language which they analyse. Mr. Morris would reply that he had no wish to save me intellectual labor by writing a phrase-book or a short history of literature. The plain fact is that the musician must read the music itself in large quantities; and not until he has saturated himself with the styles of these composers will he be able to realize the full value of Mr. Morris's scholarship.

EDWARD J. DENT.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 20. Royal Institution, 3.—"Speech Rhythm in Vocal Music," Lecture I., Sir Walford Davies.
Sun. 21. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"The Cross and the Crescent," Mr. Joseph McCabe.
Sunday Shakespeare Society (28, Red Lion Square, W.C.), 3.30.—Sir Sidney Lee's Presidential Address on "The Shakespeare Folio of 1623."
Indian Students' Union (Keppel St., W.C.1), 5.—"The Indian Silk Industry," Prof. H. Maxwell Lefroy.

* "Contrapuntal Technique in the Sixteenth Century." By R. O. Morris. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d.)

- Mon. 22. Royal Geographical Society, 5.—"Wegener's Hypothesis of Continental Drift," Mr. P. Lake.
King's College, 5.30.—"Polish Literature in a Century of Wars," Prof. R. Dybowski (of Cracow).
Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—"The London County Hall," Messrs. Ralph Knott and W. E. Riley.
Tues. 23. St. Paul's, Covent Garden, 1.20.—"The Church," Dean Rashdall.
Royal Institution, 3.—"Semi-Permeable Membranes and Colloid Chemistry," Lecture II., Prof. F. G. Donnan.
Sociological Society, 4.45.—"Sunlight and City Life," Dr. C. W. Saleeby.
King's College, 5.30.—"Socrates in Xenophon and in Aristophanes," Miss Hilda D. Oakeley.
King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia from 1861," Lecture I., Sir Bernard Pares.
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—Annual Meeting.
Wed. 24. Geological Society, 5.30.—"Glacial Succession in the Thames Catchment-Basin," Rev. C. Overy; "Reptilian Remains from the Karroo Beds of East Africa," Dr. S. H. Haughton.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Quest of Science Today," Prof. A. N. Whitehead.
Women's Engineering Society (26, George St., Hanover Square), 6.15.—"Mechanical Injection of Fuel as applied to Diesel Engines," Miss V. Holmes.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The New Methods of Crystal Analysis," Sir William H. Bragg.
Thurs. 25. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Campaigns of the British Army, 1815-38," Hon. J. W. Fortescue.
Royal Society, 4.30.—"The Potential Difference occurring in a Donnan Equilibrium and the Theory of Colloidal Behavior," Prof. A. V. Hill; and other Papers.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Nomads of Central Asia," Lecture II., Prof. W. Barthold.
University College, 5.30.—"Italian Poets in the French Revolution," Prof. E. G. Gardner.
Fri. 26. Association of Economic Biologists (Imperial College of Science), 2.30.—Annual Meeting; "The Study of Helminthology," Prof. R. T. Leiper.
King's College, 5.30.—"Serbia and the Jugo-Slav Movement," Lecture II., Prof. R. W. Seton-Watson.
Shakespeare Association (King's College), 5.30.—"Timon of Athens," Prof. Parrott (of Princeton).
Anglo-Batavian Society (Birkbeck College), 6.—"The Dutch in and out of Europe," Lecture II., Mr. E. V. Lucas.
Royal Institution, 9.—"The Machinery of Anti-Bacterial Defence," Sir Almroth Wright.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

LITERATURE.

- Antiquity. The Claim of Antiquity: with an Annotated List of Books for those who know neither Latin nor Greek. Milford, 1/-.
Elton (Oliver). A Sheaf of Papers. Liverpool Univ. Press (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/6.
* Jones (Edmund D.), ed. English Critical Essays: Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries (World's Classics). Milford, 2/-.
* Jones (W. H. S.), ed. The Year's Work in Classical Studies, 1921-22. Bristol, Arrowsmith, 3/6.
Kennedy (Bart). Brain-Waves. Angold, 10, Bolt Court, E.C., 1/6.
* Lee (Sir Sidney) and Boas (F. S.), eds. The Year's Work in English Studies: Vol. II. 1920-21. Milford, 7/6.
* Schreiner (Olive). Stories, Dreams, and Allegories. Fisher Unwin, 6/-.
* Warren (Low). Journalism. II. Introd. by Alan Pitt Robbins. Palmer, 21/-.

FICTION.

- Carlyle (Anthony). The Eden Tree. Mills & Boon, 7/6.
Comyn (Marian). The Romance of Rachel. Bale, 7/6.
Deeping (Warwick). The Secret Sanctuary. Cassell, 7/6.
Ewens (Dorothy). Storm Birds. Bale, 7/6.
Fowell (Frank). Two Fools and a Paradise. Hutchinson, 7/6.
Grant (L.). Jenny Pilcher. Hutchinson, 7/6.
Guishborough (John). A Mirage of Sheba. Mills & Boon, 7/6.
Hawes (Charles Boardman). The Mutineers. Heinemann, 7/6.
* Lagerlöf (Selma). The Tale of a Manor; and other Sketches. Tr. by C. Field. Werner Laurie, 7/6.
Leroux (Gaston). The Floating Prison. Tr. by Hannaford Bennett. Werner Laurie, 7/6.
Loring (Emilie). The Trail of Conflict. Fisher Unwin, 7/6.
Matheson (C. M.). Morwenna of the Green Gown. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.
Moss (Geoffrey). Sweet Pepper. Constable, 7/6.
Ostrander (Isabel). The Tattooed Arm. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.
* Roberts (R. Ellis). The Other End: Short Stories. Palmer, 7/6.
Schmitzler (Arthur). Casanova's Homecoming. Tr. by Eden and Cedar Paul. Brentano, 7/6.
Stacchini (Guido). I Brutti: Storie Comiche. Milan, R. Caddeo, 7 lire.
Terhune (Annie). The Eyes of the Village. Bale, 7/6.
Vivian (E. Charles). The City of Wonder. Hutchinson, 7/6.
Washburn (Claude C.). The Lonely Warrior. Mills & Boon, 7/6.
Webster (Henry Kitchell). Joseph Greer and his Daughter. Nash & Grayson, 7/6.
Wood (Frances Mariott). Tales of the Polden Hills (Somerset Folk Series, 8). Somerset Folk Press, 18, Harpur St., W.C.1, 1/-.

* Many other books are unavoidably held over.

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